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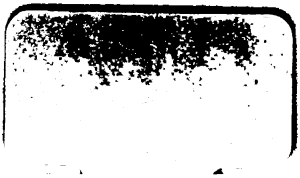

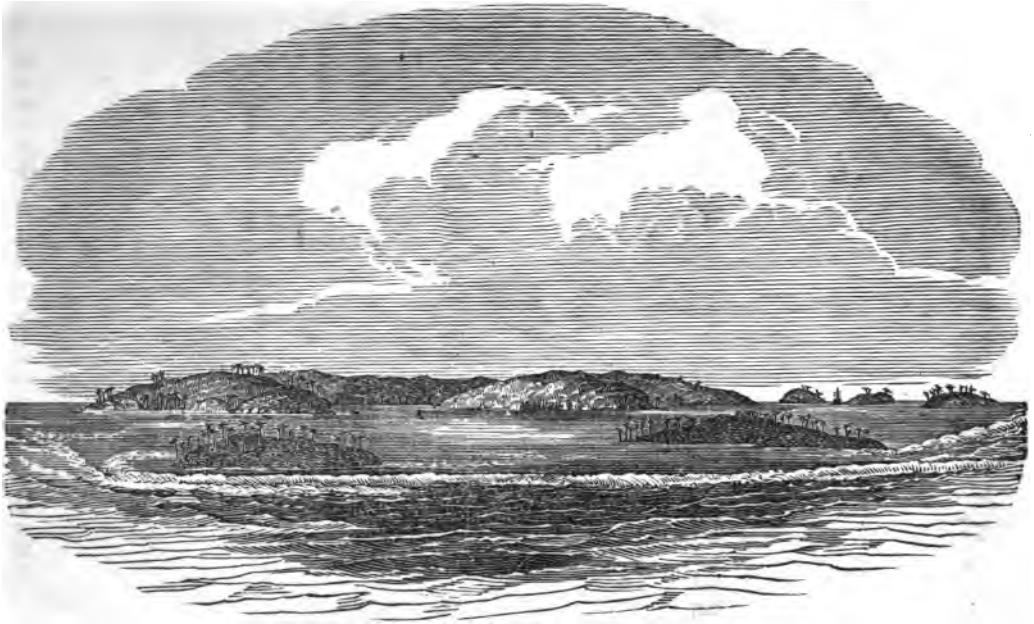

Wallis Island.

Fiji Islands - Description 1829

WRECK OF THE GLIDE,

WITH

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FIJIIS,

AND OF

WALLIS ISLAND.

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GEORGE A. CURTIS;
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TO

MY SHIPMATES OF THE GLIDE

WHO ARE LIVING,

AND TO

THE RELATIVES OF THOSE WHO ARE DEAD,

THIS BOOK

IS INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

Of the manuscript from which this volume has been prepared for publication, that part which bears date previously to my departure from the Sandwich Islands, in the United States frigate Potomac, in the month of August, 1832, was written during my residence of about three months upon Oahu; the remainder, with some exceptions, was written about the time the incidents, herein mentioned, occurred. Thus the narrative is, for the most part, the production of my memory.

To Messrs. E——, P——, and F——, my shipmates of the Glide, who have recently favored me with a perusal of their manuscripts, I am under great obligations, for much that is interesting in relation to the Fijii Islands. Especially am I indebted to Mr. E— for the loan of his Log-book, (the only records of the voyage saved from the wreck of the ship,) from which I have taken my dates. I am also indebted to my brother, W. G. D., for the important assistance I have received from him while preparing the manuscript for publication.

J. O.

Cambridge, *Nov.* 11*th*, 1844.

The writer of the above was Mr. James Oliver, who died in January, 1845. During the collegiate course which he pursued at Waterville, on returning, after his long absence, he combined, at intervals, into a continuous narrative, the sketches which he had previously made. The manuscript lay by him for several years, when it was

proposed that it should receive our united labor in being rewritten.

The delay of its publication has caused it to be anticipated, in some respects, by other works of a similar character, no use of which, however, has been made in the preparation of this volume, for it is evidently best that every adventurer should give his account of what he has seen, independently of what has been said by others, who, before or after him, have visited the same places. Similarity of statement thus arising is alone valuable, and to a candid mind an honest variation is more acceptable than a studied coincidence.

Some extracts from the manuscripts of my brother's shipmates, who kindly submitted them for the purpose, have been interwoven with the original narrative, being transformed into its general style, for resemblance of expression.

The book is a small one, but if it should be considered to have no intrinsic merit, it will be well that it is no larger; if it should be found to have any, let not its size be in the way of its welcome. A diffuse, hurried, unwrought style may easily fill a stout volume, but certainly it is a higher aim to compose one sentence, in which the sense and the language shall well illustrate and adorn each other, than to write a folio full of cloudy meaning and lame, rough periods. It is but just to my brother and myself to say that effort has been made, though it may fail of its end, to make this little book approvable. For all its imperfections, the reader's pardon is sought beforehand, but it is hoped that it may be read as the testimony of an independent observer. The dedication remains, though it has now a peculiarly affecting significance.

W. G. D.

December, 1847.

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WRECK OF THE GLIDE.

CHAPTER I.

Departure—Storm—Tropical Calms—Good Hope—New-Zealand—English Whaleships—Trade with the Natives—Their dress—Weapons—Dwellings—War Dance—Visit of Pomare—Ship six New-Zealanders—Departure.

THE Glide, owned by the late Joseph Peabody, Esq., and commanded by Captain Henry Archer, sailed from Salem for the South Pacific, on the twenty-second day of May, 1829. Her crew were mostly young men, some of whom were entering, for the first time, on a sailor's life, exchanging the comforts of home for the rough berth and coarse fare of the forecastle, and the courtesies of friends for submission to the authority of the quarter-deck.

As we sailed slowly out of the harbor, little did our joyous crew think, that the Glide was taking her final departure from that port, where she had so often arrived, laden with the treasures of other climes for her wealthy proprietor, and that, as we passed the lighthouse, some of our number would never be cheered by seeing it again.

By sunset, the coast of my native land was but dimly

seen in the distance, and, on the following morning, for the first time in my life, I was fairly at sea. The associations connected with one's first voyage, cannot be adequately expressed. Though he feels, on his departure, that the vessel is every moment bearing him farther and farther from his native land,—from home and relatives and friends, yet, when the last faint speck of land has disappeared, and the wide waste of waters is actually spread out before him, the new and varied scenes which he beholds, fill his mind with pleasurable emotions. Sunrise and sunset, never so glorious as at sea, the waters that sustain his bark, the breeze that wafts it onward, the unerring magnet, the constellations that assist his course, and the stillness of night, broken only by the sound of winds and waves, bring constantly before him the majesty and superintendency of God. The sailor, though wayward and profane, is constrained to reverence the Almighty architect.

Nothing worthy of note occurred, until, on nearing the outer edge of the gulf-stream, we experienced our first severe gale. Our lighter spars were sent down, and sail after sail was reefed or furled, until the ship wore nothing but her storm-dress.

Would the landsman know anything of a storm at sea, he must gather his knowledge, not from description, but experience. He must be called up from his slumbers at midnight, climb the loftiest mast, and look from that giddy height upon his little bark rushing impetuously through the foaming billows. Amidst the slatting of sails and ropes, the creaking of masts and yards, he must hear the quick orders of the officers and the responses of the crew. He must witness the men hurrying aloft, the reefing and furling of sails, the careering of the ship, and the inrushing of the sea.

Of all mariners, the most deserving of sympathy is the young sailor, as he stands bewildered during a storm. He hears the orders sounding through the shrill trumpet, as if something must be done now or never, but has not yet learned their meaning. He is expected to act with the promptness and decision of the veteran mariner. Distracted and perplexed, yet eager to do his duty, he reels this way and that, seizes this and that rope, trembles as he climbs the slippery shrouds, and, after doing his best, is *hazed* by his shipmates from whom he expected kindness, and by his officers, who, he hoped, would make allowance for his inexperience, and to whom he looked for protection and advice.

In the neighborhood of the Equator, the crew were put on an allowance of five pints of water to a man. The supply was small for men toiling under the heat of a tropical sun, and subsisting upon salt provisions. Nor was the water very agreeable. Fortunately, we had been but a few days in this situation, when, thick clouds arising, screened us from the brassy heavens, and poured their grateful contents upon the deck. No orders from the officers were necessary to bestir the men, to secure the treasure, for every one was impatient to do his duty. The rain fell in torrents and continuously for several hours, during which time the crew were busily employed in conveying the water from the quarter-boats to the casks below. Thus timely relieved, our energies received new life, and a fresh impulse was given to things.

Whilst within the tropics, our progress was much impeded by frequent calms, which greatly discouraged us. Indeed nothing is so vexatious to a sailor as a calm at sea. Much as he dreads to encounter a storm, he, nevertheless prefers the storm itself with all its din and toil and danger, to the tedious monotony of a calm; for, in the

former case, the ship still holds on her way, whilst, in the latter, she rolls lazily with every swell, and is likely to be carried out of her course by opposing currents. He watches anxiously for the least sign of a breeze, that shall refill his sluggish sails, and speed him on again.

As we sailed southward, after leaving Capricorn, the changes from warm to cold weather grew daily more sensible, and reminded us of our approach towards wintry regions, and of the necessity of preparing for coming storms. Every night the sky presented a new aspect; the constellations of the north gradually receded, and those of the south slowly advanced above the horizon.

The voyager to the south watches with peculiar pensiveness the sentinel of the northern sky retreating before the constellations of the south, and, when, at last, he has sunk below the horizon, and a strange host of stars appear above him, he feels forsaken by a guardian friend.

In passing Good Hope, we were not unvisited by its usual tokens of regard for the comfort of the mariner, in the shape of frequent storms of hail and snow. Great are the hardships which sailors usually experience in doubling the southern capes in the winter months, and we had our share of them. No fire or light cheers their humble forecastle. On deck, they are unsheltered from the driving sleet; and the ice upon the shrouds and ratlines renders their going aloft difficult and dangerous. A succession of westerly gales, which continued with little cessation for several weeks, enabled us to make very rapid progress. The Glide bounded from wave to wave with the ease and swiftness of a race-horse.

In the latter part of August, we came in sight of Van Diemen's land. Whilst passing its southern extremity, a singular-looking animal was discovered about a hun-

dred yards distant on the starboard bow, making directly for us. He passed leisurely along, within a few yards astern. One of the crew positively affirmed the monster was a mermaid, but, from the appearance of his head, we concluded that it was a sea-lion.

On the fourteenth day of September, the bold promontories of the northern coast of New-Zealand were seen in the distance. The sight of firm land, and the prospect of speedily coming to anchor, after so long confinement on shipboard, rejoiced our hearts, and made even New-Zealand, which had ever been associated in our minds with all that is barbarous and inhuman in savage life, by no means an unwelcome sight.

On the seventeenth, after experiencing some difficulty in ascertaining the entrance to the port, we anchored in the bay of islands, after a passage of 117 days from Salem. The presence of several English whale-ships in the harbor helped to relieve the most timid of us from any feeling of insecurity from the treachery of the natives. As we were beating up the channel, several of the officers of these whalers came on board, accompanied with several Wesleyan missionaries.

None but those who have experienced the irksomeness of a long voyage, can sympathize with the joy occasioned by our arrival in port, after traversing the sea for so long a period. How readily and pleasurably does the acute sense of the long voyager perceive the land breeze! and, wearied by the incessant motion of the ship and the sameness of objects around him, how eagerly he anticipates a ramble ashore!

New-Zealand consists of two large islands, lying between 35° and 46° south latitude. The harbor of the Bay of Islands is much frequented by foreign vessels.

The regions along the northern part of the coast are mountainous.

Whilst in port, our English friends did not neglect us, nor we them. Here and elsewhere in the Pacific, I noticed a kind spirit existing between English and American seamen. They lose sight of national prejudices in common pursuits and common dangers, and, so far as I have seen, treat each other with courtesy and kindness. May it ever be so.

Many of the natives came off to us, and well-supplied us with fresh provisions, amongst which were hogs, fowls and sweet potatoes. In exchange for tobacco, beads, knives and other articles, some of the crew received fine war-spears, canoe-paddles, and shawls wrought from native flax. For a mere trifle of tobacco, the value of two or three cents, many of the natives bartered the very paddles with which they had paddled their canoes from the shore, and even their garments. On one occasion, one of the crew being much annoyed by the entreaties of the savages for "bacco, bacco," used this expedient to get rid of them. Taking from his pocket a small piece of the weed, he held it up before them, and then tossed it suddenly into the sea. Instantly, half-a-dozen savages dived after it, like so many dogs. Their search, however, was fruitless, and the last one who rose to the surface bled copiously at the nose, from having been so long under water.

Were it not for the hideous custom of tattooing the exposed parts of the body, the personal appearance of these natives would not be so repulsive as that of many of the islanders of the South Pacific. Their complexion is a light copper color; they are tall and well-proportioned; their features are regular, and their hair is very

black and kept glossy by the frequent application of train-oil.

The style of their dress is nearly uniform, but varies in richness, according to the individual's rank or means. Their garments are mostly made of native flax, and are curious specimens of ingenuity. The finest are worn by the chiefs. Those worn by the lower classes are made of coarser material, and resemble matting. They are worn over the shoulders like a shawl, and cover nearly the whole person.

Their spears and paddles evince much skill in their construction. The wood, of which they are made, is of a reddish brown and very hard; when polished, it looks like mahogany. These articles are profusely ornamented with carved-work. The devices on them are wrought by shells and stones.

Their huts are, for the most part, situated within fifty or sixty yards of high-water mark, and are exceedingly wretched abodes. They are generally not more than six feet high, are thatched with grass, and have but one door, which is so low, as to oblige one to stoop considerably in order to enter. Above the door is a small opening, made for the purpose of letting the light into the hut, and the smoke out of it. Surrounding the habitation, and two or three yards from it, stakes are driven into the ground, of sufficient height, strength and compactness, to keep out the swine, which are here suffered to go at large. The interior is no less wretched than the outside. A few coarse mats, some bowls and calabashes of train-oil, are the only articles to be seen in many of them.

Their war-dance is truly a frightful performance. I once witnessed a mock exhibition of this dance, by some of the natives, on the deck of the Glide. The hideous contortions and tiger-like ferocity of their faces, the roll-

ing about of their distended eye-balls, the gnashing and grinding of their teeth, together with their extraordinary dexterity in brandishing their clubs, presented a spectacle truly appalling. No other similar exhibition which I observed in the Pacific, was at all comparable to this in frightfulness. If this dance, when performed for the sake of amusement, be so dreadful; as an act of hostility, it must be inexpressibly terrific.

These savages manifested no backwardness in appropriating to themselves whatever they could lay their hands upon, without being seen. Although a sharp lookout was kept, rarely a day passed, that something was not missed. The cook complained of losing his "pokers," and the crew, of losing their tin-pots and jack-knives. Nor is this the worst of their offences, for they violate with a high hand, the spirit of the whole decalogue.

The natives devote but little time to the cultivation of the land, and subsist chiefly on fish, which abounds all along the coast. The principal vegetable used for food, is the fern-root. It is baked in an oven, and is regarded as a great luxury.

Among other visitors was a chief, who, as I was informed by an Englishman who came aboard, was supposed to have been concerned in the massacre of the ship Boyd's crew at this island. Some of the particulars of this tragedy were related to me by foreigners resident at New-Zealand. This chief was a man of very powerful frame, and of an exceedingly repulsive appearance. Perhaps I cannot convey a better idea of this personage, than by citing an observation of the cook's respecting him. "There, that fellow looks as though he could devour any one of us without salt."

Sept. 20. We were this day visited by Pomare, the principal chief of this part of the island, accompanied

with his royal consort. His majesty was attired in an elegantly wrought shawl, which hung gracefully over his shoulders and covered nearly his whole person. He was very tall, his hair of raven black, his features handsome and intelligent, his form symmetrical and erect. On his face, arms, and breast, were tattooed many curious devices, such as fishes, ships, trees, and almost every kind of curves and angles. His consort was tattooed in much the same way as his majesty, and was rather comely. Their appearance was in admirable keeping with their superior rank.

The English have a large missionary station at this place. It is situated on the north-eastern side of the bay, and is well guarded by a fort. The missionaries have succeeded tolerably well in civilizing the natives, and especially in checking the horrible practice of cannibalism, which is now of less frequent occurrence than formerly. We are not to judge of the first success of missionaries in any part of the world so much from the actual progress made by those, to whom they are sent, in civilization and religion, as from the thoroughness with which their old prejudices and superstitious notions are eradicated. The greatest obstruction in influencing all men is removed, when their minds have become prepared for the presentation of the truth.

Whilst on a visit ashore, with some of my shipmates, and rambling about the various parts of the island, I had an extensive and beautiful prospect from one of the highlands, of the bay and the surrounding country. Yonder, at her anchorage, lay our gallant ship, around which gathered so many pleasant associations. Far in the distance, and on the opposite side of the bay, was seen the neat white mission-house of the English Wesleyans, contrasting strongly with the rude dwellings of the natives,

which were scattered along the margin of the sea; and, in a moral view, appearing like a sun amidst heathen darkness. Immense forests skirted the horizon; and amidst the distant vallies and plains, rose the dim outline of many lofty mountains.

In the fastnesses of those mountains, thought I, how many tribes of savages have their haunts; how often have their death-fires been kindled, and their cannibal orgies celebrated! These reflections brought on me an involuntary shuddering. But, when my eye rested on the distant mission-house, it occurred to me that all might yet be well with New-Zealand, that the abominations of heathenism might yet give place to the practises of civilized life, that houses of worship might be erected and reasonable devotion paid to God, and that, instead of the war-dance and war-song, there might at some time ascend the praises of the Most High.

Tuesday, September 22. We were employed this day in getting water and wood, and in getting ready for sea. In the afternoon, the British frigate, Success, arrived from Port Jackson.

On the next day, Captain Archer secured the services of six New-Zealanders, to assist us whilst we should remain in the Pacific. What the conditions of the bargain were, I do not know, but the natives seemed well enough satisfied with it. They were provided with comfortable clothing, and were evidently pleased with the notion of a voyage.

Thursday, September 24. The Glide, after remaining about a week at the Bay of Islands, steered to the north-east, intending to touch at Tongataboo, in order to lay in a good store of provisions. As the ship was going out of the harbor, our six New-Zealanders manifested the strongest emotion at parting with their friends, who had

come on board to take leave of them. In their paroxysms of grief, they poured forth the most dismal wailing, and tears fell, thick and fast, down their tattooed faces.

CHAPTER II.

Friendly Islands—Appearance of the Natives—Eooa—Tongataboo—Sail for Fijii Islands—Nerei—Coro—Sail for Tacanova—Dangerous navigation—The Glide strikes a rock—Arrival at the bay of Miamboos—Quill's arrival—Incident in a boat—Repair the ship—Beche-le-mer; manner of curing it—Tortoise-shell—Sandal-wood.

On the sixth of October, the Glide arrived at Eooa, one of the Friendly Islands. As we came near, many natives were observed approaching the ship in their canoes, notwithstanding the freshness of the breeze and the heavy swell of the sea. If it excited our admiration to see these little canoes, now on the top of a huge wave, and now almost buried in the trough of the sea, and propelled by the strong arms of the natives, they, in turn, must have admired the Glide, with her comparatively gigantic proportions, as she advanced steadily and gracefully towards them under a cloud of sail, and "like a thing of life." If the wharves of our cities are sometimes crowded with delighted spectators, as a fine vessel under full sail comes up the harbor, with what sensations must a savage regard the unaccustomed sight of a stately ship!

After the natives had come alongside, we obtained of them various kinds of tropical vegetables and fruits, as yams, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, shaddocks and plantains; also some artificial curiosities, as war-spears, clubs, cloth, and fish-hooks ingeniously made of tor-

toise-shell and mother of pearl. Their clubs are of various sizes, of the hardest wood, and ornamented with sennit and carved work. Their spears are very long and lancet-shaped, and have barbed fish-bones skilfully affixed to their points.

None of the savages whom I saw in eight different groups of islands in the Pacific, surpassed the Eooans in personal comeliness. Their complexion is a beautiful red, and without the dinginess so common to other islanders of these seas. They are strong and tall; their features are regular, and their deportment is dignified and manly.

Eooa is a beautiful island. It is small, and its surface is pleasantly diversified. Towards the interior, the ground rises in gentle elevations, which are covered with tropical fruits, such as cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, which, whilst we were there, were bending with delicious fruit. Its shores are without those bold headlands which are so common to many of the Polynesian islands. The fertility of the soil we inferred from the rich verdure of the landscape, and the abundance of fruits and vegetables with which the natives supplied us.

Tongataboo, within a few miles of Eooa, is much the largest and most important island in the group. It is about an hundred miles in circumference, and is much frequented by whaleships for the purpose of obtaining water and fresh provisions. There were several English Wesleyans on the island at that time, but of the success of their missionary operations I learned nothing. Recent information respecting them is exceedingly inauspicious; the natives having conspired against the missionaries, and expelled them from the island.

Having concluded our trade with the natives, we sailed for the Fijii islands, distant about three hundred miles, in

a north-westerly direction. Furnished with an abundance of fresh provisions, and favored with pleasant weather and prosperous winds, we were now enjoying the bright side of a sailor's life.

The common sailor can dispense well enough with the conveniences of the cabin, and the delicacies of the captain's table, provided he has a close forecastle, and substantial food. But when the rights guaranteed him by the laws of his country and the articles of shipment are invaded; when his food is curtailed only to gratify the caprice of his master, (as is often the case,) who can wonder that his passions are aroused, and manifested in unlawful ways? The subordination of the crew is necessary for peace, good order and efficiency, but, then, it should be remembered, that the rights of the crew as men should be regarded, as well as their duties as sailors. The principle, advocated, at least practically, by many sea captains, that at sea there is no law but that of the quarter-deck, without recognizing that *higher law* which extends its protecting arm alike over the seaman and the landsman, is unjust and absurd.

After two or three days, the Glide arrived at Nereï, one of the Fijiis. This island appeared to be from fifteen to twenty miles in circumference, rather hilly than mountainous, and to be a beautiful, verdant spot. From the natives we obtained a large stock of fruits, vegetables, and hogs. For a common musket, worth two or three dollars, we obtained a dozen large hogs, and, for a pair of scissors or a jacknife, a bunch of plantains and from thirty to forty cocoa-nuts. Thus it will be seen that the provisioning of a vessel at these islands is no expensive matter. To the credit of Captain A. be it said, that his crew had no reason to complain of the quantity or quality of their food. They fared sumptuously every day.

N.

The gratifying intelligence was communicated to us by the natives, that a vessel had been seen among the islands.

Leaving Nerei, the next island at which we arrived was Coro. This island, from observations made at this time and subsequently, I judged to be about twenty miles in circumference. Its highlands, intersected by numerous deep and dark ravines, or divided by winding vallies, looked quite romantically. They were covered with verdure to their very summits, whilst, at their base and extending to the sea-shore, were groves of fruit and other trees, interspersed among which were the dwellings of the natives.

Among the visitors aboard, were several Tongatabooans. Their residence on Coro and other islands of the group is accounted for by the fact that the Friendly Islanders frequently ply their large double canoes to and from the Fijiis, a distance of about three hundred miles. Taking advantage of favorable winds, and directing their course, in the day-time, by the sun, and, in the night, by the moon and stars, they rarely deviate from a straight course between the groups. I have frequently seen their canoes sailing in a heavy sea, at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour. The incredible swiftness of these canoes I regard as an argument in support of the supposition, which refers the origin of this people to the Asiatic continent.

We remained on this island long enough to replenish our stock of provisions, and then bore away for the place of our destination, the noble island of Tacanova, the tops of whose lofty mountains were soon seen, at the distance of many leagues. As numerous sunken rocks lay about our way to it, the greatest precautions were taken to avoid danger. The ship was reduced to easy sail, and

the officers and several of the crew were stationed forward and aloft on the lookout.

Thus cautiously we moved along this dangerous archipelago, with the helm alternately at starboard and port, as the lookouts gave the word. The navigation became more and more intricate. The occasion was one of the most intense anxiety. Every man was at his post, and the stillness on board was broken only by the loud and hurried orders of the officers to the helmsman. The crisis was at hand. Within a few feet from the surface of the sea, and directly ahead, was discovered a large coral rock. Instantly vociferated the officer aloft,—hard down the helm !—hard down the helm ! shouted the man amidships, at the top of his voice—hard down the helm ! replied the steersman, as he suited the action to the word. The next instant, the Glide struck with a tremendous crash.

I cannot adequately describe what followed. All was confusion. The officers and crew, on whose countenances, but a few hours before, hope was strongly marked, hurried to and fro in painful solicitude. From the force of the collision, the worst results were apprehended. Orders were given to let go the anchor, and to clear the long boat. On manning the pumps, the ship was found to be leaking at a prodigious rate. Fortunately, the pumps were in excellent condition; otherwise we could not have floated long. As it was, two men were kept busy at them all the time. In this situation, with our destined port in view, almost hemmed in by rocks, liable, from the disabled condition of the ship, to be successfully attacked by the savages, and in continual fear lest the water should increase upon us, the sun set, and the darkness of a starless night gathered about us.

That night will long be remembered by the survivors

of the Glide's crew. No man slept. Our only means of safety was our pumps, and these were worked incessantly. The noble ship had received a paralysis, from which she never fully recovered.

At an early hour of the following morning, having sounded a passage to the harbor and met with no obstructions, we sailed for Miambooa bay.

As soon as we arrived here, Captain Archer sent a boat, with six men, well armed, and supplied with two or three days' provisions, in command of our first officer, in search of the vessel, of whose appearance among the islands of the group, he had been informed by the natives at Nerei. The boat had not been absent from the harbor more than ten hours, when "Sail ho!" was shouted by the man aloft. It proved to be the brig Quill, Captain Kinsman, of Salem. The sight of a friendly sail, at such a time, on a savage coast, would have been hailed with extraordinary pleasure; but to behold a vessel at hand, coming from the same port with ourselves, and in so critical an emergency, was a source of thankful surprise. The brig had no sooner come to anchor, than Captain A. visited her and made known to Captain K. the perilous situation of the Glide, and of his having sent a boat to the windward in search of a vessel which happened to be his. Captain K. very generously offered to render all the assistance in his power. He immediately suggested to Capt. A. the propriety of sending another boat in search of the one that had been before despatched, since there was some cause to fear that it might have been intercepted by the natives. Mr. Driver, the first officer of the Quill, with Mr. Wallace, (a man, who had been cast away a short time previously, and whose services Capt. A. had now engaged) took charge of the boat, which started at about day-break the next morning, in search of

the first boat, with a full complement of men, furnished, like those sent before, with arms and provisions. The men toiled steadily at their oars all day long, hearing no tidings concerning the first boat, although, on their way, they had spoken several canoes filled with natives. About sunset they reached the island of Bou, a distance from the ship of about one hundred miles, where they learned that the boat had been seen the day previously standing towards the ship. Here they passed the night, and were treated by the natives with hospitality. About sunrise, they set out to return to the ship: with a fair wind and beautiful day before them, they anticipated much pleasure in sailing among these rich and delightful islands. They had not, however, sailed over more than twelve miles, when, directly under the lee of a long reach of land, that extended into the ocean, called Bratta-point, which they were passing, Mr. D. discovered seventeen canoes filled with natives in apparent readiness to execute some hostile purpose. Their appearance excited his suspicions, and he determined to give them a wide berth. The boat had no sooner altered her course for this purpose, than the canoes all started from the beach, and attempted to cut off her retreat. This movement evinced the intention of the natives. Those in the boat at once gave her every advantage of the wind, and pulled at their oars heartily and with a will. As soon as the increased exertions at the oars were perceived by the savages, they applied themselves so zealously to their paddles as to bid fair to reach the boat in half-an-hour's time. There was now but one hope of escape. This was by putting the boat square before the wind. In doing this, it would be necessary to run across a large coral reef, many parts of which were breaking out of water. Accordingly, the boat was put before the wind, and at last gained on the

natives, who could not follow at so great an advantage, on account of the peculiar construction of their canoes. They are extremely sharp at both ends, with the mast stepped in the middle. The sail is in a triangular form with the leach and luff confined to yards that meet at a point and rest on the extreme end of the canoe. The halyards are made fast at the middle of the upper yard or luff of the sail, so that, in beating, the sail is shifted from one end of the canoe to the other, without putting her about. Thus the weight of the sail, with the pressure of wind upon it, causes the canoe to run under instantly, when set directly before the wind.

The boat proceeded about a mile at a very rapid rate, and was fast leaving the savages astern.

When the reef was reached, a heavy sea was breaking over it, which would soon determine the fate of the boat. Sail was shortened, the boat was kept by strenuous exertions before the surf, and the opposite side had been nearly reached, when a heavy sea bore up the boat, and then dropped it upon the point of a large coral rock. A piece was broken out of the bottom, about eight inches from the keel, two inches wide, and twenty inches long. She commenced leaking prodigiously, and, had they not had two buckets with them, in which their provisions had been stored, they would have presently sunk. The sails were pulled down, and efforts made to use the oars. But the savages, seeing the situation of the boat, and conjecturing the cause, pressed towards them as fast as possible. The boat's crew gave up all hope of escape and made preparations to defend themselves as best they could. When they arrived within hailing distance, Mr. Driver asked them what they wanted. They replied by pointing to the shore where fires were burning, and evident preparations making for a cannibal feast. Mr. D.

from frequent trading with these people, knew well their character, and was alarmed; he said that he should take upon himself no responsibility for what any of the crew should do, nor for their lives, should they be slain by the savages. Being sure of their victims, they relaxed their efforts and made very slow progress towards the boat. When they approached within musket-shot, the crew were desirous of firing into them, but Mr. D. was strongly opposed to this course, lest it should still more infuriate the savages. But, after saying in effect, that each man must take care for himself, they determined to take the best possible care, which the emergency permitted. F—— took his musket, and endeavored unsuccessfully to discharge it, when D. seeing the state of his shipmate's piece, levelled his own musket, and discharged its contents among the savages. It could not be ascertained whether any had been killed or wounded, but the savages were evidently much surprised at such a reception, and, after a brief consultation, turned their canoes towards the point, and sailed away.

By constant bailing, the boat was kept afloat; but, without repairing her in some way, it could not reach the ship. About a mile beyond the reef, lay a small desolate island. Towards this the men made all despatch possible in their disabled condition, and succeeded in reaching it safely. Having turned the boat over upon the beach, they took a piece of the ceiling, and fixed it as well as possible to the cavity, and filling up the seams with a piece of canvass, in which some of their provisions were wrapped up, made it nearly tight. They then set sail for the ship, and having a good breeze, reached her in safety about sunset.

The first boat had arrived safely the day after the departure of the second; and the second, the day after

the arrival of the first. All hands were once more together.

To heave down the ship, was an undertaking requiring great caution and ability. I would that I could describe this operation with sufficient accuracy. It would be interesting to those who could appreciate the magnitude of the project, and not wholly devoid of interest to the landsman. A large ship to be entirely dismantled; a large part of her cargo to be conveyed ashore; a floating stage of spars and loose timber, constructed alongside; the vessel in seven or eight fathoms' water; ourselves surrounded by cannibals, scores of whom were prowling continually about the vessel, and looking as if meditating mischief—all these circumstances may possibly convey some notion of the importance and hazard of the enterprise.

It was well for the Glide that her captain not only "knew the ropes," but, from having been formerly a ship carpenter, could wield the axe too. He had not, like many masters of vessels now-a-days, climbed up to the captain's berth through the cabin windows. He was more of a practical than theoretical navigator. He had passed through the regular gradations, which are essential to qualify one to take proper charge of a ship. He was, consequently, fully equal to this emergency.

Ten or twelve days in succession, the ship was hove down at an early hour of the morning, and righted at night. Employed in repairing her, were the carpenters of the Quill and Glide, and Captain Archer himself.

Whilst at work on the raft in heeling the ship, a circumstance occurred, which had well nigh proved a serious matter to me. I had hold of the standing part of the fall, when the rope suddenly parted, and the ship immediately righting, I was carried up some twelve or fifteen feet with very great rapidity, and with the prospect before

me of instant destruction. But the fall becoming foul in the upper block, ceased to unreeve, and I was enabled to make my descent without injury. Capt. Kinsman was near at the time, and was so impressed with the peril of my situation as to exclaim—"that man's gone!"

One pleasant evening, after we had completed the labor of the day, it was proposed to bathe. Accordingly, several of us went about our aquatic frolic. We had a merry time of it, and to show our skill in this important branch of a sailor's education, we now and then dove down from the bulwarks and swam the length of the vessel under water. Though nothing occurred to disturb our diversion then, on the following day a ground-shark was observed swimming about the ship. He was a monstrous creature, and looked hungry enough to swallow any one of us at once. The cook threw over some offal, which brought him to the surface; then the steward harpooned him, and all hands took hold and hauled him up on deck. Probably no fish has so much strength, comparatively, as the shark, or manifests life so long after exposure to the air, and the endurance of torture. For ten or twelve minutes after his capture, he flounced about with great vehemence, and seemed to have strength enough to break a man's leg with his tail. At least, none of us had the slightest disposition to try the experiment. It was not till after he had been most severely mangled, that signs of life disappeared from the extremities of his body.

The most valuable part of our cargo was conveyed aboard the brig. That part of it which it was found necessary to carry ashore, was deposited in one of the buildings belonging to the Quill's beche-le-mer establishment, where Mr. Driver and a part of the brig's crew rendered essential service in taking care of the property. We

were much indebted to Captain Kinsman for his important aid, while the Glide was undergoing repairs. The presence of his brig was probably the only thing which restrained the savages from attacking us. After we had done all we could to make the Glide sea-worthy again, our cargo was taken aboard, and, having put everything in decent order, we made ready to trade with the natives.

Though the Glide had been remarkably well provided for in her outfit, with articles of exchange, yet no inconsiderable part of our cargo was procured by bartering such common tools as the blacksmith manufactured aboard. A chisel, made from a piece of old iron hoop, would command the services of a native for a whole day. To earn a chisel, then, it was necessary to be stirring early in the morning, to sail fifteen or twenty miles to the sea-reef, there to work knee-deep in the water, for six or eight hours, getting beche-le-mer, and then to come to the ship to dispose of the fruit of the day's toil.

As beche-le-mer is the principle article of trade among these islands, a brief description of it, of the manner of obtaining it, and of the process of curing it, may not be uninteresting It is a species of sea-snail, and lives on the coral reefs. It is about eight inches long, and three inches thick—is of a dark brown color, has a rough-looking skin, and is covered with a thick slime. It is easily taken, and exposure to the air does not affect it much. This fish is much valued by the Chinese, who use it as an article of food.

A large beach is usually selected, so situated that the ship may anchor within a mile from it. The king is generally made pliable by numerous gifts, and a contract is made with him. He assembles together his own people, and invites all others friendly to his nation. After arrangements are made, the natives commence erecting the necessary

buildings, different clans bringing different materials, whilst the king superintends the whole. As soon as the buildings are finished, the warriors and others come a distance of forty or fifty, and, sometimes, a hundred miles, bringing their wives and children, in canoes of all sizes, from the large double war-canoe to the merest skiff, and the trade begins. Each party or family build temporary huts along the beach, and a little village soon springs into existence. They bring from their homes, and offer for barter, almost every thing they possess, which they readily exchange for iron-tools, knives, scissors, whales' teeth, beads, trinkets, but especially for muskets and ammunition. After they have sold their stock, as mats, pieces of tortoise-shell, hogs, the various kinds of vegetables, &c., they then give their assistance in procuring beche-le-mer.

Large parties cut wood and pile it on the beach, each pile having its price, and the article being always in demand. Others assist in curing the beche-le-mer. But the greater part, consisting of the warriors and owners of canoes with their families and dependents, proceed to the coral reefs in whole fleets of canoes of all sizes. They sometimes go upwards of fifty miles.

They readily make from the green leaves of the cocoanut tree, a neat little basket, into which they pick the beche-le-mer from the reefs, and stow them in the canoes. At each returning tide, the fleets of fishermen come into the harbor—presenting an animating and business-like aspect. Each one deposits his fare on the beach by itself, and gives notice to the trading officer that it is exposed for sale.

The great warriors, who have many followers and large canoes, sometimes "fish for a musket," as it is termed. They contract to bring in so many hogsheads of beche-

le-mer,—from twelve to twenty,—for which, when delivered, they receive the musket. The small fishermen sell according to the number of baskets, for tools, beads, trinkets, and, frequently, for small quantities of powder, or other ammunition.

To accommodate two of the officers and ten or twelve of the crew, who were to be employed in curing the fish, several huts were erected by the natives. Besides these, there were three other buildings, called Batter, Trade and Pot-houses.

The Batter-house was upwards of a hundred feet long, thirty wide, and twenty high. The batters, or rafters, extended the whole length of the building. Some of these, the upper batters, were placed twelve feet from the ground, and others, the lower batters, six.

In the Trade-house we stored our commodities, muskets, pistols, cutlasses, cloth, knives, scissors, beads, &c. &c. This building was about fifteen feet long, ten wide and eight high.

The Pot-house contained the large iron pots for boiling the fish. This building was open all around. The pots held thirty or forty gallons each, and were placed over the fire at equal distances from each other.

These buildings, also, were put up by the natives, who received in pay an ordinary musket, (worth two or three dollars,) one or two hatchets, and a few strings of beads. This is working cheap, for more than a hundred islanders were employed about them nearly a week.

The beche-le-mer, having been brought from the reefs by the natives, and purchased by our trading-master ashore, was deposited in a large reservoir, let in the ground at the depth of two or three feet; it was here cleansed by several Tonga natives in our employ. This reservoir was close to the beach, so that, at high tide,

the water flowed into it. The beche-le-mer was then carried to the Pot-house and boiled about forty minutes. It was then thrown on bamboo-rafters behind the pots, where it remained till the water had drained out. From these rafters it was carried to the Batter-house, and strewn on the lower batter, under which, and the upper one, too, a fire was kept burning. After twenty-four or thirty hours, it was removed to the upper batter, where it was kept till it had become perfectly hard. It was then sent aboard ship, where it was packed in matting bags and stowed away. When properly cured, beche-le-mer will keep sound for years.

Tortoise-shell is a considerable article of commerce at these islands. Of this we obtained several hundred pounds while in the South Pacific. Out of it the natives manufacture finger-rings, fish-hooks and ornaments for the hair; some very beautiful specimens of which were obtained of them.

Sandal-wood is found on many of these islands; but its scarcity hardly repays the labor of searching for it. It is of a yellowish color, has an agreeable fragrance, and is susceptible of a high polish. The Chinese burn it as incense, and make fans, ornamental boxes and the like, out of it.

CHAPTER III.

A business scene—The Quill sails—The Glide—A New-Zealander leaves the ship—An Albino—Visit of Timboos—Death of Richardson—Loss of our Batter-house—Sail for Nungaloos—Arrival and trade with the Natives—Loss of our second Batter-house—Fill out the cargo—Set fire to the buildings—Sail for Manilla—Obliged to return—Encounter a storm—Sail for Miamboos—Leave the Islands.

For several weeks after beginning to trade with the natives, the bay of Miamboos presented a lively scene. Nearly two thousand natives were employed in procuring beche-le-mer for the Quill and the Glide. The business aboard, the din of industry ashore, the coming and going of boats, and the plying of hundreds of canoes to and from the sea-reef, gave much animation to things. Indeed, I could not but regard this scene, among islands so little known to the civilized world, as highly creditable to the commercial enterprise of the merchants engaged in this trade. Where next, thought I, will Salem vessels go? Sail we north or south, around "Good Hope" or the "Horn," we find them, officered and manned mostly by Salem men.

January 9. The Quill having obtained a cargo, sailed for Manilla. As Captain Kinsman, after disposing of his cargo, would return to the United States, we embraced the opportunity to write letters home. In my letter I wrote that we should probably be absent eighteen months longer. I little imagined what was coming, and that forty-four months more would pass away, before I should see home.

Previous to the Quill's departure, Captain Archer procured from it the services of Mr. Carey as linguist and

assistant trading-master, and of Mr. Johnson, to aid in curing beche-le-mer. With this addition to our number, the Glide's company were thirty men, the most of whom were young, strong and active—a force sufficient, with our muskets, pistols, cutlasses, &c., to resist any attack from the natives.

Though without a profusion of ornamental work, the Glide was of a beautiful model, as strong as oak and ship-carpenters could make her, and till her collision with the rocks, well deserved her name. At anchor in the harbor of Miamboa, she wore a warlike appearance. Heavy cannon, loaded with cannister and grape shot, projected from the port holes on each side. In each top was a chest of arms and ammunition. On deck and below, weapons of defence were so arranged as to be available at short notice. Boarding nettings, eight or ten feet wide, were triced up around the ship by tackles and whipping lines suspended from the extremities of the lower yard-arms.

One morning, not many days after the departure of the Quill, one of our New-Zealanders was nowhere to be found. As we never received any information respecting him, it is probable that he perished in trying to escape. He and his companions on board had been treated kindly by all, and I know of no cause of his dissatisfaction, except the restraints of a sailor's life.

There was at this place a remarkable phenomenon, an Albino, or "white negro." He had, however, black, crispy hair and black eyes. The Albino race, generally, I believe, have light hair and pink eyes. We sometimes questioned the man as to his origin. He usually kept silent, and rolled his eyes wildly and distractedly from us. When he did say anything, his language was very incoherent. He seemed to be little more than an idiot.

Of the visitors on board, no one was more welcome than Timbooa, the chief of the Miambooans. Though apparently over fifty years of age, and as black as ebony, he was one of the best looking men I ever saw. He was full six feet tall, and had as fine a head as ever went through a phrenological examination. He was looked upon as second to no chief in influence on the island of Tacanova. He wore a white turban of native cloth, and a *maro*, or strip of native cloth, around his waist and confined behind by a bow knot, the ends of which trailed on the deck as he walked. Suspended from his neck was a large and highly polished pearl shell, the sign of royalty. Passing through the hair of the head, and projecting from the front part of the turban, was a long strip of tortoise shell; and through the lobes of his ears were round pieces of ivory about four inches long. Besides all this, a beard over a foot in length gave to Timbooa a very patriarchal appearance. He sometimes sported an elegant rifle, which he had received for services rendered the ship. This, to be sure, took away somewhat from the patriarchal character.

Besides the visits of Timbooa, we were almost daily favored with the presence of Timooro, a powerful fighting chief of the Miamboora tribe. This man was taller than Timbooa, as straight as an arrow, and finely proportioned. From being so much aboard, he became well acquainted with us, and took great liberties. He appeared very curious about everything which presented itself to his notice, and especially delighted in looking on, while the blacksmith manufactured knives, chisels and the like. As the glowing iron came from the furnace, and the sparks flew about, he would hop, skip, jump, and clap his hands, in an ecstacy of delight, at the same time exclaiming "*benacka, benacka,*" good, good.

Monday, January 11. On this day we lost one of our number by death, young Richardson. He had been with the party ashore till within a few days of his death, when, complaining of illness, he was permitted to come aboard. He went through his work as well as he could, without any more complaints, but seemed at times very weak, and bled much at the nose.

One evening he hurried upon deck almost naked and was about to throw himself overboard. He was very much excited, and so bent on his purpose, that several of the men, who started at once, could hardly hold him back. He was taken down to his berth, when the Captain came forward, gave him some medicine, and ordered a light to be kept burning all night. As I went down into the forecastle, I found all but Richardson turned in; he was sitting on his chest. I told him he had better go to his berth; he said "no, I shall feel better to sit up." The next morning he was found dead in this posture. He was eighteen years old, and died under circumstances truly painful, in a ship's forecastle, in a savage port, far from friends and home. The same day we buried him ashore, on the left hand bank, as you enter the harbor of Miambooa.

Thus died young Richardson. While talking together the day before his death, he expressed to me his fears that he should not live to see Salem again; said he was sorry he had undertaken the voyage, and spoke often and affectionately of his mother and friends at home.

If a man aboard ship complains of feeling unwell, he is too often regarded as only making believe being ill, that he may get rid of his work. This is the reason why a sailor will stand out, and go about the ship's duty, long after he ought to be in his berth and under the closest care; and being thus desirous of doing his best, he gets

not half the sympathy from officers or crew, that he would receive did he give up at once all endeavor to exert himself. He does not enjoy, what is the first thing to be desired in the case of every man out of health, the credit of being so. For several weeks before the death of Richardson, there were about him occasional indications of much debility, but his appearing to be at other times, in his usual health, led to a misconstruction of his real situation. I would not imply that Captain Archer was remiss in his duty to those who were ill aboard his ship; on the contrary, he was prompt to render to such all the help in his power.

Saturday, January 30. After we had got together about one third part of our cargo, the batter-house was destroyed by fire. Besides the building, we lost upwards of sixty piculs of beche-le-mer in process of curing. This happened in the night, and the building was thought to have been set on fire by the natives. "All hands-Ahoy! the buildings are afire," cried the midnight watch. As soon as I got my wits about me, it occurred to me, that the natives might easily massacre the whole party ashore. Rushing up on deck, eight or ten of the men were instantly ordered off in two of the ship's quarter-boats for their rescue. We found them armed, on the beach, ready for any hostile movement. They came off with us in the boats.

We found next morning that the natives had stolen one of our boats. Two boats were immediately manned and sent in pursuit of it. They succeeded in bringing it alongside, when it was ascertained that all our kettles had been broken. This was a greater misfortune than the loss of property or of houses, since, unless they could be mended or replaced, we could not possibly prosecute our voyage.

We sent at once for the king, who required much persuasion to come, as he feared that we should revenge our loss by inflicting some summary punishment upon him. He informed us that the houses, being built by Timooro, an inferior chief, were less secure than if they had been constructed under his own supervision, as he was the king of the Bay. The natives' object evidently was to obtain the iron in order to make tools for their own use. The kettles were so repaired by the blacksmith, as to answer our purpose.

Of the many annoyances of which the shore-party complained, not the least was that of the mosquitoes. These troublesome creatures were a continual bore to them. They could not sleep with comfort anywhere. When the storm drove them, for shelter, to the batter-house, with the smoke almost stifling them, and the mosquitoes tormenting them, their philosophy was soon exhausted, and they were repeatedly tempted to bestow a hearty curse, not only upon these little authors of their misery, but upon the persons who first added beche-le-mer to the numberless articles of international trade.

Soon after the loss of our batter-house, we took possession of the buildings recently occupied by the brig Quill's company, and the trade in beche-le-mer was resumed. The daily supplies of fish promised soon to fill out our cargo. To guard against incendiaries, the shore-party used the utmost vigilance. Sentinels, with loaded muskets, were stationed at different parts of the premises during the night, and a special watch-word was required of all persons seen near the buildings after dark. In this way affairs went on prosperously for several weeks. At the expiration of that time, the fish grew so scarce the natives would not get us any more. So we sailed for Nungalooa on the same island, distant about thirty miles

from Minarboca, where we arrived on the twenty-third instant.

On our arrival at Nungaloca, the necessary buildings were put up, and the trade in beche-le-mer began in good earnest. Longing to get away from these regions as soon as possible, the crew worked well. The blacksmith made quicker strokes at the anvil, the carpenter spent less time at the grindstone, and there was hardly an unable-to-work man aboardship.

Nor were the savages less industrious. Early in the morning, scores of canoes with their three-cornered matting sails were seen moving off to the sea-reef, and towards night returning with the fish they had got.

March 23d. Mr. Carey left for Raratoi, ninety miles distant, to obtain hogs and fresh provisions for sea-stock.

In less than a month's time, our second batter-house was burnt up, and a large quantity of fish with it. This, too, happened about midnight, and the savages at Bonne Rarah were suspected of having had a hand in the matter, as they were, at that time, at war with the Nungalooans. The men in the building had barely time to escape. This disaster was a source of much discouragement to all on board. One of the crew declared it was fated for the Glide never to return to the United States. He little thought that not only would the ship be lost, but that he himself would fall a victim to the cruelty of these islanders. But of that, by and by.

Still another batter-house was erected, and with keeping a sharp watch, we made out, at length, to secure the balance of our cargo.

April 13. Mr. Carey arrived from Raratoi with eighty-five hogs and a large quantity of yams and other provisions. From him we learned that the ship Clay, Captain Millet, of Salem, was at Bou.

All hands were once more aboard, and preparations were made for leaving the islands. Determined that the natives should not have another chance to burn the buildings, we resolved to do it ourselves. So a number of the crew were despatched ashore to set fire to them. They were pretty dry, and were soon wrapped in flames. This time it was a pleasing sight.

April 15th. At length, the long wished-for order was given to man the windlass, and never did we work more cheerily. A few minutes, and we had loosed and sheeted home the sails, raised the anchor, and were standing out of the bay to the northward, having a native employed in his canoe to pilot us through the reefs. But, the Glide had not sailed more than twenty-five miles, when indications of an approaching storm, and the fear of night's overtaking us before we cleared the sea-reef, made it prudent for us to return to our anchorage. We dropt anchor, however, outside the harbor, near a small island, called Anganga, with reefs and breakers all round us.

Here we encountered a severe storm, which continued with unabated fury for nearly three days. How the ship stood it out was a wonder. Being outside the harbor, she was exposed to the full force of winds and waves. Although we let go all the anchors we had, and sent down the lighter spars on deck, we found ourselves drawing nearer and nearer the breakers, over which the sea was dashing with appalling force. We were kept from running upon them only by the contact of the anchors with rocks on the bottom. The reef was only about twenty rods astern. Had the ship struck in this exposed place it must have been the end of her, and of all on board.

After the storm was over, we sailed for Miamboa, and came to anchor again in the harbor. Here we got a new supply of provisions, and, after a few days, set sail for

Manilla, having on board one thousand piculs of bêche-le-mer, three hundred pounds of tortoise-shell, and seven hundred pounds of sandal-wood.

CHAPTER IV.

Tacanova — Bratta—Overlou—Soma-Soma—Bou—Soil — Climate—Villages—Dwellings—Canoes—The Natives—Mode of wearing the hair—Their Dress—Ornaments—Barbarous customs—Wars—Religion.

I have thought it preferable to give in this place a general account of those of the Fijii islands, which we visited, than to interrupt the narrative afterwards.

This group, situated in the South Pacific Ocean, is supposed to comprise about three hundred islands, the most of which, however, are quite small. Among the largest are Tacanova, Bratta, Nerei, Coro and Overlou.

Tacanova is, indeed, a noble island. It is said to be over four hundred miles in circumference. Its mountains are very high, and visible at the distance of fifty or sixty miles. Unlike the highlands of Maui and Oahu (Sandwich Islands) which are generally sterile and abrupt, they are covered with rich verdure, and, owing to their gentle acclivity, are comparatively easy of ascent. Extending from their bases to the sea-coast, lie broad plains watered by numerous rivulets, and variegated with trees and herbage. Of the harbors of Tacanova, those of Miambooa, Nungalooa and Bonne Rarah are the most frequented by foreign vessels.

Bratta is next in size to Tacanova. It is a beautiful island, not so mountainous as many others of the group,

but not less fertile and populous. It is rarely visited by trading ships.

Nerei and Coro have been spoken of in a preceding chapter.

Overlou is from twenty to twenty-five miles in circumference, and is remarkable for its conical mountain, which towers several hundred feet above the adjacent highlands, and presents a very fine appearance, as one approaches the island. One of the most powerful chiefs on this island, at the time of our visiting it, was Mr. David Whelpy, an American, and, I believe, a native of Nantucket or of New Bedford, whence he had sailed, some years before, in a whale-ship. For some cause, on the arrival of the vessel here, he took sudden leave, and ultimately became distinguished among the natives. He was a young man apparently about thirty years of age.

Soma-Soma is little, if at all, smaller than Overlou. This island has no remarkable elevations. It has but one harbor of any importance, which is, however, too much exposed to periodical gales to be safe for shipping.

Bou, though extremely small, is politically superior to the nearest islands, on which it imposes a tax, and, probably, to the whole group. It is nearly circular in form. It has one large hill only, which makes a gradual ascent from the sea to the centre of the island, and is almost covered with dwellings. The king of Bou was the most powerful of the Fijii kings, a sort of Tecumseh among them.

The soil of these islands is very fertile. It yields, with very little culture, ample means of subsistence for the population. A tropical soil can be made to produce almost anything, and were these islanders taught agriculture, their lands might look like the gardens of Persia. It is owing to this extraordinary productiveness of the

soil, that vessels are provisioned here with such facility and cheapness.

The climate is remarkably salubrious. The health of our crew, while among these islands, was excellent. Richardson, indeed, had died, but he had shown signs of disease so long previously to coming here, that his death can hardly be attributed to the climate. I lived nearly three months in one of the villages, consisting of about five hundred natives, and, in all this time, only one death occurred among them. This was in the case of an old man, who, becoming burdensome by reason of his advanced age, was strangled by his friends. Were it not for the healthfulness of these islands, their very large population must long ago have been exterminated by frequent and sanguinary wars.

The villages are mostly near the shore, where the soil is as fertile as in the inland country, and where there are greater facilities for procuring fish, of which they are very fond. The largest of the villages which I saw, did not contain over fifty buildings, and the dwellings were scattered here and there with little regard to regularity. In each village is a large building, called the Boore, in which the public business of the tribe is transacted. The brooks which flow down from the mountains through some of these little districts, and the groves of trees which almost surround them, have quite a pleasing appearance.

The dwellings serve for little else than coverts from the weather. Their frame-work consists of small reeds fastened together with sennet, supported by poles, and thatched with grass and leaves. They have usually but one door, which is very low and narrow. I once saw the king Timbooa fairly stopped in the door-way of a dwelling by the enormous *maro* which nearly tripled his majesty's circumference.

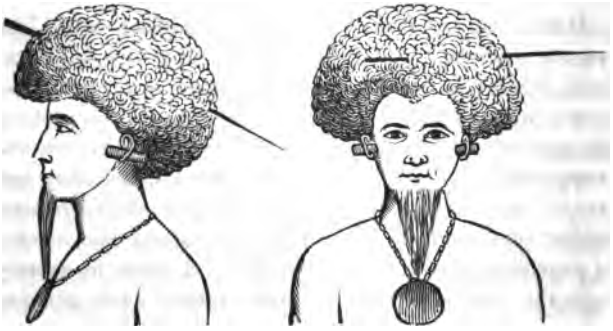
The Fijiians have two sorts of canoes, double and single. The double canoe, *waunka-lib*, is so called from its having two canoes, of nearly equal size, placed parallel with each other and about four feet apart, and covered with a platform of bamboo sticks. The canoe is furnished with a mast, grooved in the top to admit the halyards. The sail is triangular in form, and is made of straw mats sewed together. Some of these double canoes are nearly as long as a ship, and will carry from three to four hundred men.

The single canoe, *waunka-lili*, is furnished with an outrigger, that is, a stick of timber, about the length of the canoe, and parallel with it. Into the upper part of this log, small but strong sticks are placed vertically and close together as high as the top of the canoe. And over them and the side of the canoe is a bamboo platform like that in the double canoes. The object of the outrigger is to prevent upsetting.

The complexion of these islanders is very dark. They are tall and well-formed, have intelligent features, and often display a grace of demeanor, which both surprises you, and demands your respect The warriors of Bou are among the finest specimens of the human form I have ever seen.

The Fijiians have a singular way of wearing the hair. I have frequently seen them spend three or four hours in adjusting it to their liking. And so careful are they to keep it well-arranged, that, when they lie down, they rest the neck, and not the head, on the pillow. This pillow consists of several joints of large bamboo, about three feet long, with its ends raised by legs four or five inches high. You cannot offend a savage more than by disarranging his hair, if done purposely. Some of them spread it out so much, that, if no compression took place,

a bushel-basket could hardly envelope the head. Some daub their hair with clay and red ochre. They take equal pains to arrange their beards, which, in most cases, is about a foot in length.



Their principal article of dress, is the *maro*, a strip of cloth manufactured from the bark of the breadfruit tree, and which is worn about the waist and thighs. They first cut the bark into small strips, two or three inches wide; then the outer rind is taken off, and the strips are put into water where they remain for several hours. Being of a glutinous nature and softened by this process, the bark is easily beaten to the required dimensions by small wooden mallets. The cloth is then bleached by exposure to the sun, and is afterwards stained the color intended. The females wear mats and girdles of colored grass and leaves. White turbans made of this native cloth, are worn by both men and women.

Their ornaments are of various kinds. Tortoise-shell rings are worn on their fingers, and rings of hogs' teeth and pearl shell on their arms. Shells and pieces of ivory are passed through the lobes of the ears, which are perforated in childhood for that purpose. Combs made of

the cocoa-nut leaflet, and highly polished strips of tortoise-shell, are worn in their hair. The chiefs wear pearl shells on their breasts, suspended from the neck. Necklaces of flowers and beads, too, you may sometimes see worn by them.

If the common remark that the treatment which the women receive, and the estimation in which they are held, signifies the degree of civilization and refinement to which any people has attained, be correct, then these savages are extremely degraded; for not only are the women shut out from all public festivals, but they are treated like menials. Besides attending to their domestic duties, on them devolves almost exclusively the burden of providing food for their families. I have frequently seen the women with their infants on their back, going to procure fish for a meal, while their husbands and male children were either at home or strolling lazily about the village.

Polygamy is common here. There are few Fijiian chiefs, of much celebrity, who have not fifteen or twenty wives: the old king of Bou boasted of having fifty.

They have the custom of cutting off the joints of the little fingers. This they do, when a relative dies, or some national calamity occurs. While we were at anchor in the harbor of Nungalooa, one of the natives came aboard, and requested the blacksmith to sharpen his knife for him. He was asked why he wished it to be sharper than it was, and in reply extended the little finger of his right hand. The blacksmith conjectured his purpose, but could hardly believe it real, and continued sharpening the knife, till he had given to it a very keen edge. The islander took it and left the ship. Not many days afterward, he came again aboard. When he was asked what use he had

made of the knife. *Cybee n'iscealy?* he extended the same hand, but the first joint of the little finger had been severed, and the stump was not yet healed. We then said to him *quotha?** who did it? he answered *quow*, I, myself, *quotha?* how? *iscealy*, with a knife, *quotha?* why? *matte-matte tunenah*, my mother is dead. Here he explained this delicate operation, which was, first to cut into the flesh deep enough to bring the edge of the knife in contact with the bone—then to make a bold stroke, with a quick turning of the knife, and the joint is divided. It may readily be imagined that no other motive than curiosity induced us to learn this process.

On the interment of a chief, his wives suffer themselves to be strangled. Decorated with garlands and necklaces, and attended by their friends with music and dancing, they follow the corpse to the burial. A rope is passed around the necks of the miserable victims, and pulled by men ready for the purpose, till life is extinct. Each is then buried in the same grave with her husband. This voluntary sacrifice seems intended to show their affection. Possibly they may have a confused notion of following their deceased partner to some other world. Whatever be the motive, the existence of such practices at this day occasions painful reflections.

Then there is the horrible ceremony connected with the *sacred cocoa-nut*. By this, the priest determines the will of their gods respecting the fate of foreigners who may have been wrecked on the islands. These are led to the Boore, and ranged in a semicircle before the priest, king and warriors of the tribe. The priest takes

* This interrogative is of pretty general application, and the precise meaning of it is to be gathered from the drift of the conversation, or from accompanying gestures.

the nut and spins it, like a top, on the floor of the building. If, three times in succession, the eyes of the nut, when it stops, point to the same person, he is to be slain. This series of three trials is repeated as many times as there are foreigners present. If no one is designated in this way, they judge that it is the will of their gods that life should be spared. This was told me by individuals who had long resided at the Fijiis, and who had themselves witnessed the process, and I myself, in the Boore of Soma-Soma, and in buildings of the kind on the island of Tacanova, saw some of the *sacred cocoa-nuts*. I have seen them applied to determine which of a number of hogs should be slain for a feast.

These savages are Cannibals, as the following incident will show. One afternoon, whilst the Glide was at anchor off Bonne-Rarah, my attention was directed towards the shore by the loud shouts of a party of natives. From what I afterwards learned from several of the crew who were on shore at the time, it seems that the warriors of Bonne-Rarah had long been at war with the Miambooans, over whom they had just obtained a victory, and were now returning to the town with two slain bodies of the enemy, set apart for a cannibal feast. As they drew near, they were met by a large number of natives from the village manifesting by yells and excited movements the wildest joy. The bodies were then divested of their clothing, and extended on the ground, whilst the savages stood near with faces painted black and looking unusually ferocious. Revenge appeared to be their controlling impulse. A woman, who asserted that one of the deceased had slain her husband in battle, stepped forward, and, after presenting to the mouth of the corpse a bowl of angona, as if inviting it to drink, dashed it with such force into its face, as to break the bowl in pieces. She

then placed a lock of hair, supposed to have belonged to her husband, upon its mouth, and, after offering a bamboo stick filled with water, continued beating the body, in the highest pitch of savage frenzy and madness, until the bamboo stick was completely shivered. Whilst the woman was thus engaged, some of the natives, with their bodies painted and oiled in a disgusting manner, performed a hideous and revolting dance. Their awful yells pierced the air with appalling effect and the demoniac ferocity of their movements were frightful to behold. The woman then requested them to use the pieces of bamboo which she put into their hands, in preparing the bodies for the feast. The victims were then cut up and roasted, and, afterwards, distributed in portions to the king and his warriors, dressed with yams, plantains and other vegetables.

The Fijii style of cooking is this. A hole is made in the ground about eighteen inches deep, and, in form, like an inverted cone. The sides are lined with stones. In this oven a fire is kindled, till the stones are sufficiently heated, when the coals are taken out, and the articles of food wrapped up in plantain and cocoa-nut leaves, are deposited in it and covered over with grass and earth. Nothing can excel the richness of what is cooked in this way. The juices, which, by our process, escape by evaporation, are retained. Clay kettles, also, hardened by exposure to the sun, are used for preparing liquids. These are semi-globular in form, and are supported over the fire by three or four large stones. No salt is used in the preparation of their food.

Angona (*ava*) is the name of a root found at these islands, which is much valued by the natives for its stimulating qualities. The beverage made from it is used on all public occasions, especially at the religious ceremo-

nies. The method of preparing it is curious. After scraping the root perfectly clean, and rinsing their mouths with water, the savages masticate it into balls of pulp, the size of a hen's egg, being careful, meanwhile, to swallow none of the precious juice. These balls are then placed in a large wooden bowl, into which water is poured, and after the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, the liquor is strained, and passed round in cocoa-nut goblets. The stimulus of this ava is not very great, for from what I saw of its effects, it seemed to be of far less intoxicating quality than many liquors used by more refined and polished people.

Their wars are quite frequent. A month seldom passed while we were at the Fijiis, that intelligence of some battle was not received. Before going out to fight, the men are busy in arranging their hair and beards, in painting their faces one half red and the other black, and in exercising themselves with clubs and spears. Thus prepared they go forth to meet their foe, in companies of tens and twenties, amidst the din of the war-drum* and the benedictions of their wives and children. They generally contrive to make the attack at night. Arrived at the hostile village, they stealthily surround it, and, at a preconcerted signal, sound the war-yell and rush into it, capturing the women and children, and breaking in the skulls of the men.

Though we frequently witnessed the Religious ceremonies of this people, our imperfect acquaintance with the language and the complicated character of the ceremonies themselves, prevented us from understanding their exact import. The islanders appear, however, to believe in a Great Spirit who made and governs all things, though

* A hollow log of wood, beaten with two sticks. The sound is something like a blacksmith's ten pound ten.

I have seen at the doors of their Boore, and other places, blocks of wood wound about with native cloth, which I supposed to be idols. They have priests, whom the people evidently believe to be at times in direct intercourse with the Great Spirit and to be the exponents of his will. The customs of tattooing their bodies and of cutting off the fingers and toes, are to be classed among their Religious rites. Entrance into the Boore is forbidden to the women and to the lower classes of men, whilst the priests and higher chiefs frequently assembled there to discuss matters of policy in church and in state, and to perform worship.

Any thing consecrated is said to be *tabooed*, and is not to be touched; this is manifested by wrapping around it a piece of native cloth. They seem to be very punctilious and sincere in the exercise of their religion, and submit without murmuring to its penalties and prohibitions.

It is necessary, at every great feast, to ascertain the will of the Great Spirit. Shortly after our shipwreck, a great feast was given by the mountaineers to the king of Bonne-Rarah, which many of the ship's company attended. After many introductory ceremonies had been performed, five hogs, which had been presented by the mountaineers, were placed before the priest and king who sat together, when the king desired the priest to ascertain the divine will respecting the animals. The priest muttered over many incoherent words, then took in his hand the sacred cocoa-nut, and invoked the aid of the Great Spirit.

After repeated trials, the priest was unable to bring the nut into the required position. Various reasons were assigned for the failure, as that a sufficient number of hogs was not sacrificed, or that some part of the ritual had been imperfectly performed. All agreed that the

Great Spirit was angry for some cause. We began to fear that some of our number might be taken to supply the deficiency, when the king, who had not lost his patience, though excessively hungry, ordered the priest to promise a great feast and sacrifice at some future time, and to try the cocoa-nut again. The priest once more went through the forms, the people meanwhile regarding him with great awe, when at last the eyes of the nut pointed to the hogs. The king slyly bantered the priest, by saying that he knew the will of the Great Spirit better than his reverence, and then, with a roar of laughter, gave orders to slay and eat.

When the fruits of the earth begin to ripen, the king with his principal men repair to a field, when a yam is dug up and presented to the priest, who offers a thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for sending the crop of yams, and beseeching a continuance of the blessing.

Captain Archer, on one occasion, desired to purchase some yams, and applied, for the purpose, to the king of Bonne-Rarah who had informed him that they were now ripe. He was told that they could not yet be sold, as the priest had not presented the first fruits to the Great Spirit No persuasion could avail with the king to sell them, till the usual ceremony was performed.

They imagine that we have a God distinct from their own. One of our officers was once sailing with them in their canoes, when the wind became adverse, and, after trying their own prayers ineffectually, they requested him to pray to his God, that the wind might become more propitious. And, previous to the Glide's leaving Nungalooa, an influential chief, from a neighboring island, being on board with some of his tribe, whilst an officer was taking the altitude of the sun, inquired what he was doing, when the officer, being at a loss how to answer

the inquiry, and recollecting the notions of the natives respecting communication with the Supreme Being, replied that he was talking with the Great Spirit. The chief gave implicit belief to this assertion, and creeping forward with great awe, begged to see the "white man's God." The officer was using one of the dark screens of the quadrant, which gave to the sun a deep red appearance, and, as the chief, on looking through the glass, caught a glimpse of the orb on the level with the horizon, he cried out to his companions with perfect astonishment, "The white man's God is a red God; —— has brought him down to the water to speak to him."

When the crew were engaged in curing Beche-le-mer, it became necessary to work through the night, and the hired natives with ourselves stood "watch and watch." The officer's watch, by which the time was kept, was a source of continual wonder to the natives. To prevent their annoying inquisitiveness, they were told that there was a little man in the watch who told the time. They were perfectly satisfied with this reply, and frequently inquired, in the watches of the night, what the little man said about going to sleep.

They had the same superstitious regard for the lock of a musket, the action of the main-spring, written characters, &c. Natives were sometimes sent with a written order to the ship, that they might obtain articles due to them. It was with great difficulty that they were persuaded that the piece of paper would produce the article; and, when finally convinced of the fact, readily believed that some supernatural power was connected with it.

Whilst they thus readily believe an absurdity, they treat scientific facts with the utmost contempt. One clear and beautiful night, after the loss of the ship, a chief with many of his followers and one of our officers was

lying on the ground near the Boore. The chief, who was of a thoughtful disposition, inquired how the ship found its way to his country. This brought on a discussion respecting theoretical navigation. The officer began discoursing on the simplest rudiments of school-boy astronomy, and though he stated nothing but scientific facts, his explanations were received with complete derision, and the chief with a sneer asked him how long it was since he had visited the moon and stars. The lecturer was completely nonplussed by this interruption, and his audience broke out into the wildest laughter, and, frequently on meeting him afterwards in his walks, taunted him with his fictions about the "Great Spirit's eyes."

CHAPTER V.

Arrival at Luzon—Severe thunder-storm—A visit from the Telegraph station—Anchorage off Civete—Description of that place—The Peasantry—Fourth of July—Sail for Manilla—Appearance of the city—River Pasig—Fort—Aborigines—Chinese—Their dress, food, mechanical skill—Their Junks—Spanish, English and American residents—The schooner Antarctic—The Glide sails for the Sandwich Islands.

After a passage of fifty days, the Glide came in sight of Luzon, the largest of the Phillippine Islands.

Whilst passing through the strait St. Bernard, we experienced a very severe thunder-storm, accompanied with torrents of rain. The lightning was so intensely vivid as to blind our eyes at each successive flash, and, during the terrific peals of thunder, we almost unconsciously closed our ears. Although every link of our chain-conductor seemed to be surcharged with electricity, and to

sparkle with the descending fluid, yet, with three hundred casks of powder on board, we were carried safely through.

On our entrance into the bay, we received a short visit from several persons belonging to the telegraph station, and then immediately stood on for Civete, a town situated on the island Luzon, about ten miles from Manilla. We soon reached the port, and, after dropping anchor within a mile of the town, two officers came on board, who, from their inquiries, I judged were the captain of the port and the visiting physician.

One of the crew, who had been sometime ill, was immediately removed to the hospital, where, in a few days, he recovered his health sufficiently to resume his usual duties.

Civete presents signs of considerable trade. It has several hundred stores, mostly occupied by Chinese, who, with Spaniards, seem to compose full two-thirds of a population of nearly ten thousand persons. The streets, though narrow and irregular, are generally paved and edged with stone side-walks. The houses are chiefly of wood, two stories high, and with gable ends of triangular form facing the street. The cross, surmounting the churches, denotes the dominant religion.

Of a pleasant morning ashore, a motley company of men, women and children on donkies, hastening from the suburbs to market with their commodities, was an amusing spectacle. One donkey I observed deliberately pacing his way with four boys upon his back, each having a basket of wares. Many other groups, almost as picturesque, were travelling along. At the market-place itself was much stir: butchers, poulterers, fruiterers and other dealers exhibiting what they had for sale, and bargaining with yankee-like shrewdness.

July 4th. Being almost antipodes to our friends at home, we were awakened on the morning of our national anniversary by no patriotic bells or cannon. No acclamations rent the air. We saw no long civic procession with its glittering soldiers and martial music, and heard no loud encomiums of our fathers' valor and our country's glory. In honor of the day we would gladly have fired a salute at sunrise and sunset; but this would have violated the regulations of the port. We, however, sent aloft the "stars and stripes," and they waved proudly at the mizen-peak. Many of us had leave to go ashore, and we rambled about the interior of the island, making the most of our day's independence, and enjoying the new and beautiful scenery. From this excursion we returned to the ship much delighted. Indeed, some of our number, either from the inspiration of the day or another cause, were in excessively high spirits.

At Civete, we remained eight or ten days, during which time the ship was thoroughly repaired. We then sailed for Manilla to discharge our cargo, which had been sold to certain Chinese merchants.

Manilla is pleasantly situated upon the western coast of Luzon, is of some commercial importance, and has a large population. A high wall, completely surrounding the city, amply defends it. A substantial bridge, of two or three furlongs' length, crossing the river Pasig nearly a mile from the open sea, connects it with its suburbs. Manilla, from the harbor, is a pleasing sight. The compactness of its buildings, and its numerous spires make it seem larger than it is.

On a massive pier at the end of a mole extending into the harbor at the left of the entrance into the river Pasig, is a large lighthouse, which is kept in excellent order

by the government, and adds much to the commercial interests of Manilla.

Opposite this lighthouse is the fort, adjoining the wall, which is well supplied with means of defence, and seems to be an effectual barrier to the intrusion of hostile vessels. The shallowness of the water also at this place, adds to the security of the city.

The river Pasig, where it flows by the city proper, is full of animation at all times of the day; boats of various sorts and sizes constantly plying hither and thither; and washer-women beating clothes along the banks with stones and billets of wood. Scores of boats belonging to vessels in the harbor may sometimes be seen going up the stream, which is fresh a half-mile above the bridge, and returning with their supplies. The extreme width of the Pasig is not over six furlongs. It is navigable by small vessels as far as the bridge.

The native-inhabitants of Manilla are of short stature and olive complexion. They have coarse, black hair, which is usually worn close cut on the back of the head, and long in front.

Though seemingly a temperate people, they devote much time to card-playing, cock-fighting and similar species of gambling. Treacherous, covetous, and too indolent to earn an honest livelihood, they practice every villany to get money. Notwithstanding severe laws and a vigorous police, assassinations of foreigners, under the cover of night, are not infrequent. They live mostly in the outskirts of the city, in wretched tenements, and subsist chiefly on rice and fish.

Eight Manilla-men were shipped by Captain Archer for the return voyage to the Fijiis. They showed a very vicious and malevolent disposition, and were exceedingly disagreeable companions. Had they had physical force

enough, they would, no doubt, have applied it to some knavish end. Yet are found exceptions to this general character. In my walks about Civete and Manilla, I saw some copper-colored men, who were of courteous and honorable demeanor. And some of the most efficient military companies are composed of them.

The industrious habits of resident Chinese are in striking contrast with the sluggishness of the Aborigines. They are principally tradesmen and mechanics. Consistently with their national vanity they associate but little with others. Their dislike of interference and tenacity of what they deem their rights, I had, both at this time and subsequently, good opportunities to observe. They are, in truth, a peculiar people, as is manifest from their studied non-intercourse with the rest of mankind, and their exclusion of foreigners and their innovations from the towns and cities of the Celestial Empire.

However laudable may be the curiosity of those outside the walls of China to know more of what is done within them, and to explain its mysterious exclusiveness, yet the attempt of other nations forcibly to enter her dominions must be regarded as an assumption of power, a breach of international courtesy, and of a right universally held and acknowledged.

The Chinese, like other people, consume much time in arranging their hair. I have frequently seen them sit an hour at work upon it. The whole head is kept bare, except a circle about the crown, from which the hair, skilfully braided and tapering to a point, descends to a great length. However repulsive to our notions this mode may be, nothing can surpass the symmetry and beauty of the braid. Whether the desire of not disturbing this nice adjustment of their hair, or of displaying it to better advantage, be their motive for not

wearing hats, I know not; but of hundreds of Chinese, whom I saw in the streets of Manilla, all but two or three were bareheaded.

The dress of the wealthier Chinese in Manilla, consists of a frock and trowsers, made of the richest silks and crapes, with numerous clasps of gold and silver, satin shoes, and knee-caps curiously embroidered. The dress of the poorer sort is of similar style, but of coarser material.

The taste of the higher classes, in respect of food, is singular. Beche-le-mer, sharks' fins, and swallows' nests purified by a peculiar process, are their especial luxuries. The lower classes subsist on rice, which much abounds, and is easily obtained, though they also eat voraciously such dainties as rats, cats and dogs. These animals I frequently saw hawked about the streets of Manilla, and exposed for sale in the Chinese stalls.

However much we may laugh at the fancied superiority of the Chinese in other matters, we ought certainly to give credit for their nice mechanical skill in little things. The beautiful specimens of their manufacture, which I saw in their stores at Civete and Manilla, greatly surprised me. Among them were exquisite fans, made of sandal wood and the rice plant, and silk shawls and kerchiefs of elaborate finish.

The Chinese junks are singular and ill-constructed vessels. At a mile's distance, their appearance, like huge floating castles, struck me as somewhat imposing. But a closer view dispelled the illusion. Such clumsy contrivances for sailing, I never saw before. They are of crescent form, with a profusion of ornamental carved work, and poop and prow marked so indistinctly, that, till I discerned two monstrous eyes painted near the water-line, I could hardly distinguish stem from stern. Every thing about them seemed to be at loose ends. The

junk, like a common ship, has three masts, to each of which, and of proportional size, is affixed a parallelogram-shaped matting sail, strengthened by stout bamboos, arranged like reef-bands in a ship's topsails. To the extremities of these bamboos, ropes, reaching to the deck, are attached, to reef and furl the canvass. The labor of raising the mainsail, which has a hoist of twenty five feet or more, and weighs much, is very great. Twenty men I have seen busily occupied an hour in hoisting it.

How superior to such ungainly craft was our beautiful ship. Here were time and place for every thing; here every man knew his duty, and "with a will" performed it. Before the junk's mainsail could have been hoisted, we could have got ready for sea, weighed anchor, and sheeted home our sails. And had there been any occasion of hostilities, we might, perhaps, have shown a specimen of Yankee prowess, that would somewhat have disconcerted the "Children of the Sun."

Manilla being in the power of Spain, her civil and ecclesiastical affairs are conducted, in the main, by Spanish deputies. At the corners of the principal streets, and along the embankments of the river, may be seen many officers in uniform, maintaining a keen espionage over the people generally, and passengers on landing. Holy Padres too, with crucifixes and pictures of the Virgin hanging from their necks, perambulate the streets, bareheaded and barefooted, impressive representatives of the Romish Church.

At Manilla is a goodly number of English and American residents. They belong to the trading part of the community, and many of them are said to have acquired great riches.

It much disappointed the crew to hear that Capt. A. had determined to return to the Fijiis for another cargo

of Beche-le-mer; for the consciousness of having taken, as we hoped, a final leave of the Fijii Islands, with all the toils and perils we had there endured, much animated our spirits, and we looked forward with eager joy to the ship's lading at Manilla for the homeward voyage.

The day before our departure, the schooner Antarctic, commanded by Captain Morrell of New-York, sailed for the Washington Islands. She passed within a few rods of the Glide. She was a beautiful vessel, of a fine model, and well proportioned, with decks spacious and of chalky-whiteness, and her sails, rigging and spars were in perfect order. Cannon projected from her port-holes, and there were, I should think, forty men aboard, chiefly Manilla men. An account of this vessel's disastrous voyage, and of the massacre of her first officer, Mr Wallace, and many of the crew, has been published.

July 17th. Saturday. We sailed this day for the Fijiis by the way of the Sandwich Islands.

CHAPTER VI.

An American whale-ship—Arrival at Maui—Lahaina—A Missionary meeting—Respect shown by the natives for the Sabbath—Departure—Owyhee—Penrhyn's Island—Attacked by the natives—Narrow escape of the Captain—Perilous situation—The Glide fills away.

Little occurred to disturb the monotony of our passage, rendered longer than usual by light winds almost constantly prevailing, until, for the first time during nearly ninety days, a distant vessel was descried. Those only, who have been long on the sea can know how gratefully the cry, "Sail ho!" fell upon our ears, and made our

hearts beat quicker with their gladdened blood. In a short time we drew near enough to see the American flag floating from the vessel's mast-head. Although anxious to speak the stranger, we were prevented from so doing by whales suddenly appearing in our midst. The vessel "hove to," to secure them, and the Glide, lest she should disturb the fish, courteously veered a few points. Several of the whales were secured, and the opportunity to observe the mode of their capture somewhat made up for our disappointment.

The next day, October the ninth, the Glide arrived at Maui, one of the Sandwich Islands. The sight of this lovely island, the grateful smell of land, and the prospect of a change of food, much enlivened our spirits.

We had hardly secured our anchorage off the village of Lahaina, when we were visited by some natives, from whom we obtained goats, fowls, yams, taro, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts and various other articles of food, abundant and of good quality. We had been surfeited with salt provisions, and this supply of fresh food was truly acceptable and timely.

Maui is one of the Sandwich Islands, next in size to Hawaii. From the shore as far back as the mountains, a mile's distance, the land is low and in a highly cultivated state. Farther beyond, the soil is sterile, and the face of the country remarkably abrupt.

The village of Lahaina contains about forty or fifty buildings constructed in the native fashion, but having a cleanly appearance. A few rods behind the compact settlement is the residence of the Rev. Mr. Richards. This is a neat edifice, two stories high, painted white, with a piazza in front, and shaded by trees, looking very tastefully and pleasantly. All who had occasion to men-

tion the name of this devoted missionary spoke of him with high respect.

On the Sunday after our arrival at Maui, several of the crew, and among them myself, went ashore to attend divine service. Although not incredulous of what I had often heard concerning the Sandwich Islanders' renunciation of idolatry and of their conversion to the Christian faith, I was curious to see and judge for myself. Seventeen months, too, had rolled away since a preacher's voice saluted my ear, and to revive recollections of home and of its sacred enjoyments, was a strong motive to attend the meeting.

The services were held in a retired spot, where the burning sun was shaded, and the light agreeably softened by the dense foliage of trees. From the branch of a large, old tree, which stood near the entrance of this arbor, hung the bell that summoned the islanders to their worship.

Towards this sacred place we saw the natives wending their way, as the "second bell" began to ring. Their deportment was becoming, yet we could not but smile at the singular dress of some of them. It was precisely what might be expected in a people just emerging from wholly savage life. One was girt with a strip of native cloth, and, over it, he wore a blue broadcloth coat: another, besides his *tapa* of native cloth, strutted along with a pair of high-heeled boots and an umbrella; and still another gratified his newly acquired taste with a pair of trowsers and a cane. Other similar combinations of dress were to be observed.

As soon as the Rev. Mr. Richards and his wife had entered, we went in, and seated ourselves upon the ground under a tree. The natives were gathered around in various postures, many of them sitting on chairs and

stools, which they had brought with them from their homes. Near the minister was the choir, of about twenty persons, who, judging from their demeanor and dress, I took to be chiefs and their wives.

Although the exercises were conducted in the Hawaiian language, and not understood by us, yet the familiar form of worship and the American preacher made the occasion extremely impressive. After witnessing the awful excesses of Paganism at the Fijii Islands, what we now saw seemed more like a beautiful vision, sent to turn our thoughts awhile from the hardships of our lot, than a reality. A more orderly congregation I never witnessed. Here and there amid the listening group might be seen some gray-haired man, who, for over three-score years, had paid to idol-gods unhallowed worship, but whose dim eyes were now blessed with Gospel light.

After the sermon, the whole congregation arose and sang "Old Hundred" in their native tongue. I could not but be thankful that all languages were alike to Omniscience. Memory was busy with the past, and I was deeply affected. Who could be otherwise, in such a place, under such circumstances, with all tender and hallowed associations crowding in upon the mind? Paine himself could not have looked in upon that assembly now joining in the praises of God, whose voices had once been united in savage yells and war-songs only, without being convinced by so practical an argument, that there is something in Religion which his philosophy could not fathom. The whole occasion was religiously sublime,—Nature's children, in Nature's temple, worshipping the Christian's God.

From what I could see, I judged that the natives had much respect for the Sabbath. During the intermission between the services a becoming stillness pervaded the

village; and the canoes, which on the day previous were studding the harbor, had all been hauled up on shore.

The American Mission here appeared to be in a flourishing condition. Among other indications of its prosperity was a new church, which we noticed was nearly completed, and which, certainly, was much needed at Lahaina.

Our very short stay at this island, and the pressure of work abroad, prevented our going ashore as often as we could have desired. I defer then, for the present, a more minute description of the Sandwich Islanders, as we afterwards had better opportunities to learn their general character.

October the fifteenth. The Glide now sailed for the Fijii Islands. Passing within sight of Owyhee, I looked upon the grandeur of its scenery with pleasure, and with pain called to mind the illustrious navigator, Captain Cook, who was here so cruelly slain.

When within a few miles of Penrhyn's island, situated in 9° 12′ South Latitude, and in 157° 43′ West Longitude, we noticed some canoes, filled with savages, coming off to the ship. Wishing to procure some grass for our live stock, we "hove to," and awaited their approach. Their number and strength made it prudent to put ourselves in a defensive position; each man was armed, and our cannon, loaded with grape-shot, were run out at the port-holes.

Presently were alongside fifty or sixty of the most repulsive monsters that I ever beheld; very tall, of complexion unmixed black; with coarse, stiff hair, like hogs' bristles, and their language, if such it was, more resembling dog-barking than articulate speech. Their whole aspect was truly terrific. They were not permitted to come on board, but only to clamber up the sides of the

vessel. The ship's "channels" fore and aft, on both sides, were filled with them. The Glide's company was about thirty men, all armed; yet our situation was very perilous.

Whilst Captain Archer was selecting some articles of trade, a spear was hurled at him by a savage standing in the larboard mizen channels. I stood within four or five feet of the captain, and saw the savage, but his movement was so quick, that I could not in season give the alarm. The captain was leaning over the larboard hen-coop, his back was towards the savage, and but for a providential turning of his head, the spear would have pierced his neck; as it was, it grazed his neck, and inflicted a slight wound.

This seemed to be a signal for attack; the savages became exceedingly clamorous. The captain commanded "*fire.*" It was a fearful order, and was fearfully obeyed. Five or six savages, among them the one who hurled the spear, were shot, and fell back with a death-shriek into the sea. Others were severely wounded by our boarding-pikes and cutlasses. Two or three of the crew were slightly injured in keeping the natives from the deck. Had the captain's order been a moment delayed, the savages must have gained an ascendency over us, and the fate of the Glide and of her crew been sealed, and never, probably, known.

As soon as the captain's command had been obeyed, I started, being the nearest at hand, and let go the weather main-brace. The captain immediately ordered to fill away. A six-knot breeze was blowing, and the yards having been quickly rounded, the motion was soon sufficient to embarrass the savages, and we were enabled to drive them from the ship.

To the firmness and decision of Captain Archer in this

fearful emergency, we owed our preservation; yet, I have ever regarded the attempt to trade with these monsters, under such circumstances, as an unwarrantable exposure.

As the ship moved on, the savages were obliged to retreat, and we left them astern in the utmost confusion. Their situation was truly pitiable. The sun had set; there was a heavy sea, and the wind was freshening. They were five miles from their island. Some were swimming about hither and thither, to recover their canoes, which had been upset by the ship's progress; some went soon to the bottom, and others, who had gained their canoes, sat hideously bemoaning the desolation around them; their eyes rolled wildly, as they hurled their spears towards the ship, and they howled and gnashed their teeth like so many fiends of darkness.

We passed within a mile of the island, and observed numerous fires kindled along the shore, probably, as beacons to guide back the natives who had attacked us.

Penrhyn's Island is apparently about ten miles in circumference, but a few feet above the level of the sea, and is partially surrounded by a narrow belt of coral rock.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at Coro—Loss of the brig Fawn—Sail for Overlou; arrive there, and commence trade—David Whelpy—The King of Bou and his warriors—Relieve four shipwrecked Englishmen—A severe storm—Massacre of two men—Sail for Miambooa.

After pleasantly sailing for six weeks we were again at the Fijii Islands. As we were passing Coro, some

natives came off to the ship, and supplied us with fresh provisions. Among them were several Tongatabooans, who, the year before, had aided us in curing beche-de-la-mer. They expressed more pleasure in seeing us, than we felt, in visiting them again; for the prospect was not cheering to us, of spending here six months more, exposed to dangerous reefs and storms and hostile tribes. Shells, clubs and spears, which the crew exchanged with the natives for Chinese trinkets, added much to our stock of curiosities, which now made a respectable museum of our spacious forecastle.

A few days after our arrival at the Fijiis, we were informed of the loss of the brig Fawn of Salem, by one of her crew. The frequent disasters, which had here occurred, and our perils also, made it very probable, that the Glide herself would never reach home.

On the twenty-fourth of November, the Glide arrived at Overlou. Our first and third officers, with a portion of the crew, were despatched in one of the boats to Lakamba, an island about twenty miles distant, to open and conduct the intended traffic in beche-de-la-mer, for the shallow water prevented the ship's sailing thither; and aboard was carried on a trade in tortoise-shell and sandal wood with the savages of Overlou, Bou and Bratta.

Knowing that on the completion of our second cargo we were to leave the Fijiis finally, the men at Lakamba worked with zeal. The men aboardship were no less industrious. The armorer and his mate manufactured knives, chisels, and other cutlery for exchange. The carpenter was busy at his bench. Aloft some were repairing the rigging; on deck, others were mending sails, and making matting-bags to pack beche-de-la-mer. The sun shone not on a more faithful crew. The captain traded with the natives, when they came alongside, and

directed all matters aboard. Thus prosperously passed several weeks.

We were frequently visited by David Whelpy, the American chieftain at Overlou; sometimes accompanied by two or three of his warriors. He was usually dressed as a sailor, and had with him a loaded rifle, whose good qualities were the main topic of his conversation. He also told us much concerning his singular life, and his adopted people, over whom he seemed to have great influence, owing to his superior wisdom, and the good terms existing between him and the powerful king of Bou.

The king of Bou himself sometimes visited us. When this old chief, whose complexion was "darkness visible," out of which peered two deep-set glaring eye-balls, with a grizly beard tapering to a point a foot below his chin, first came alongside, in his large double canoe, of curious and imposing structure, able to hold a hundred persons or more, and with a triangular matting sail as large as the Glide's maintopsail;—accompanied by forty or fifty vigorous black warriors, huge, but symmetrical in shape, with elegant white turbans on their heads, and ornaments of various kinds hanging from their ears, girt with snow-white *tapas*, and holding massive clubs and spears, which they could use with terrible effect; the whole spectacle was truly impressive, yet, when the whole savage company, as it were "Satan and his peers," came on board the ship, I could not but have and express to a comrade my fears of the event.

The general belief that the king, though tyrannical to his subjects, was friendly to the whites, accounts for so many savages being allowed to come on board, and go about among the men, who, while at work, were unarmed. This friendship, I doubt not, really existed. His Majesty

was highly delighted with his visits aboard, and with good reason, for here he found a certain friend of his, Alcohol by name. He generally issued from his friend's quarters with a step somewhat less majestic than with what he entered them.

One morning, Dec. 10th, about forty of the savages of Overlou brought some fruit off to the ship, ostensibly for trade. Two or three only of these savages, such was their known character, were allowed to come on board at a time. But nine or ten of the crew were present, variously occupied, and in different parts of the ship. The armorer and myself were at work together on the forecastle. In a short time our suspicions were excited by seeing them engaged in close conversation, and counting the men "*Eudonga*, *Rua*, *Tolo*, *Va*, *Leema*, *Ono*, *Vetu*," &c., one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, &c. The armorer was going aft to inform the captain of this circumstance, when our second officer, on looking over the ship's side, saw some savages busily passing up weapons to others standing in the "channels." The men aloft, having also perceived this manœuvre, hurried down upon deck, and discharged a volley of musketry over the heads of the savages, which dispersed them. Some leaped into the sea, others into their canoes, and swam or paddled ashore in great consternation, leaving behind many clubs and spears.

While we were at Overlou, a large double canoe arrived there from Bou, bringing four Englishmen, who had been wrecked among the Islands. They had no other clothing than the *tapa* about the waist; two of them were much emaciated by long illness, and all were worn down by privation and distress. Captain Archer at once supplied them with suitable apparel and medicines. The crew also gladly contributed to their wants. In return,

they were efficient helpers in curing beche-de-la-mer. One was an excellent singer, and relieved our toil with his charming songs. With this addition we were thirty-three in number.

On the 16th of December we encountered a terrific storm, which continued nearly two days. We lost both of our bower-anchors by the parting of their cables, and had only the ship's kedge left, to which we lashed one of the guns, and bent the remainder of the chain-cable. We anxiously awaited the event of the storm, for near at hand were dangerous rocks and reefs, and we were in the neighborhood of the most ferocious savages of the Fijiis. At length, to our extreme joy, the gale abated without the ship's receiving serious damage.

A calm succeeded the storm, but the cable of our remaining anchor having parted, probably by contact with rocks at the bottom, the ship was driven upon a reef by the force of the current. As this disaster happened about midnight, the drifting of the ship was unobserved by the watch on deck, and no danger was perceived, until we struck. "All hands ahoy, the ship is among the breakers!" was no sooner cried than heeded. The boats were immediately lowered, and sent ahead with tow-lines attached to the bowsprit, but so strong was the current, and such was the length of cable dragging on the bottom, that the most strenuous exertions were made for an hour to little purpose. Beside the critical position of the ship, the connection of the reef with the shore caused apprehension of an attack from the savages in our almost defenceless condition. But relief came. A gentle breeze arose, filled our loosened sails, and soon freed us from the reef. It was now between the first and second hours of the morning, and we were darkly feeling our way along, in momentary expectation of striking some hidden

rock. Day, however, at last dawned upon us, and we were safe.

We now bore away for Soma Soma, to procure the cables and anchors of the wrecked brig Fawn; and after accomplishing our purpose, returned to our anchorage off Overlou.

At early dawn, one morning after our return, the second officer, carpenter, and six of the foremast hands were sent ashore to get an anchor-stalk. The boat as usual when despatched ashore, was well supplied with arms and ammunition. When the beach was gained, one of the party, a boy, was left in charge of the boat, and the rest repaired to the nearest woods to cut a suitable piece of timber. Presently, about twenty savages appeared on the beach, some armed with clubs and spears, and others bearing parcels of fruit, which they had brought, seemingly, to solicit traffic. Finding the men too busy to trade with them, and observing but one person in charge of the boat, they much annoyed the boy, and at length boldly began to lay hold on the contents of the boat. The boy instantly gave an alarm. The men hearing the cry were making for the boat, when the savages in a body, rushed towards them. Our men levelling their loaded muskets, retreated backward to the beach, avoiding with great difficulty the clubs and spears hurled at them by the natives. Thus all but two reached the boat. One of these as he came down to the water's edge, imprudently discharged his musket, and was instantly attacked and overpowered. He succeeded in throwing himself into the water, and after swimming a few strokes, was seen to lift his head streaming with blood, and with his hand beckon feebly for the boat, which, amidst the excitement, had been shoved off into deep water. He was followed by the savages, again attacked, dragged

ashore and slain. The other unfortunate man rushed from the woods, hewing his way with the butt of his musket through the crowd of assaulters, and fell dead at the beach.

Whilst the crew on board were busily engaged in washing decks, the fearful war-cry of the natives fell upon our ears. David Whelpy, who was sitting with some members of his tribe, upon the taferel, cried out, "There is trouble with your shipmates ashore!" Seeing the flash and hearing the report of the musket, I ran aft to give the alarm to Captain Archer, who hastened up on deck, and, after scanning the beach with his "glass," to see the state of affairs, ordered off to the shore a boat, in which Whelpy himself went; and his native friends in their canoe.

Our feelings may be imagined as we bent over the ship's side, and watched in silence the first boat making towards us, having on board, as we saw, six only of the eight men, who twenty minutes before had left the ship. Who had been left behind we knew not, until on a nearer approach, one of the crew exclaimed, "I do not see Derby," "nor I Knight," added another.*

As the boat reached the ship, and the survivors came slowly up the side, though no word was spoken, their countenances showed with what dismay they had witnessed the murder of their comrades. As soon as our minds could grasp the tragical reality, unbidden tears fell from the eyes of all on board.

The lifeless bodies of the two men were found by the second boat's company, lying on the beach, stripped of

* Joshua Derby and Enoch Knight, both belonging to Salem, Ms. About the same time, I believe, during the same month, a brother of Mr. Knight, the first officer of the Ship Friendship, of Salem, was massacred by the natives of Quallah Battoo—Sumatra.

their clothing, and dreadfully mangled. They were wrapped in garments, immediately brought aboard, and laid out upon the quarter-deck. About eleven o'clock of the same day, they were committed to the care of David Whelpy, who carried them to his section of the island, and buried them.

Although no funeral services were formally held, yet in the hearts of all that looked upon the dead, and walked the deck in sadness, were solemn thoughts of death and earnest hopes, that this severe and unexpected stroke might influence for good our after lives.

In the afternoon of the same day Captain Archer, with singular prudence and energy, despatched the second officer in a boat to Lakamba, to inform the party there of the massacre, and to order them back to the ship. Our men there, we afterwards learned, had strong reasons to apprehend an attack from the savages at that place, (who had doubtless heard of the murder) which was probably prevented by the defensive condition in which a seasonable reinforcement enabled them to put the premises.

The report which we had heard on good authority, that the neighboring chiefs had conspired to murder "all hands" and take the ship, was confirmed not only by what had occurred, but also by our seeing canoes, filled with armed natives, sailing hither and thither, near the shore, out of the range of our cannon and muskets, as if in defiance of that "retaliation" which the men of both boats, as they the next day returned from Lakamba, and one by one came on board the ship, armed each with loaded rifles, proclaimed alike by looks and words.

Happily our surviving crew were now all together, and united in purpose by a common peril. The four Englishmen also eagerly joined in all our plans. Our boarding-nettings were triced up, our large guns were

double-shotted, and prepared for instant use; and muskets, pistols, pikes and cutlasses were seized by the men, impatient for revenge. After due preparation for the attack, the launch and two quarter-boats were brought alongside, and to the first officer was committed the charge of the little fleet, which at once directed its course towards the savages; and they, terrified on perceiving themselves to be the object of pursuit, leaped from their canoes, and swiftly swam ashore. Our men pressed on, and gaining the beach, destroyed several canoes, and drove the savages to their retreats among the mountains; having in the onset, it was said, slain a chief, the instigator of the murder, and wounded others. They then returned to the ship.

December 29th. Having closed our business at Lakamba, we sailed for Miamboa, where we had, the year before, traded.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrival at Miamboa—Intelligence concerning our New Zealanders—Sail for Nungaloa—Another disaster—Sail for Bonne Rarah—Occupation—The King—Santa Beeta—Important event.

On arriving at Miamboa, we learned that the king, with his chiefs, was at a feast in a town near Nungaloa bay; whither the first and third officers proceeded, with a guide, over the mountains, to make arrangements with him for trade; and meanwhile, the Glide sailed round to her former anchorage, about two miles from the entrance of the bay, and one from either shore. It was now the first day of January, 1831. The natives, in fulfilment of

the contract with the king, at once began erecting buildings for our use in curing fish.

After the delay and trouble occasioned by our efforts, with very slender resources, to repair the rigging which was in a very bad condition; and having made a new mast,—for our mainmast had become much rotted,—out of a tree, purchased of the natives, (one being found, with great difficulty, suitable for our purpose,) we prepared to receive our cargo, and to meet what new dangers might be at hand, for we durst not yet believe them ended.

His Majesty Timbooa came on board, with a party of his chiefs, to pay his respects, and heartily welcomed our return. We were sorry to hear from him, that Louis, as we called one of the five New Zealanders, who had been left here on our departure for Manilla, had been slain in a contest between the Miambooans, and natives of Bonne Rarah, a tribe living fifty miles off; and that the other four had probably fled, as they were not to be found. Captain Archer had made proper provision for them till his return, and Timbooa had endeavored to keep them among his people; so that no one could be justly blamed for their disappearance.

I felt a melancholy interest, shared, doubtless, by the rest, in again anchoring here. On many accounts, the place seemed to us like a home; and our return recalled much to mind, that had made our life here somewhat eventful and adventurous;—as, the distressing death of young Richardson; the general repairing of the ship;—and the repeated burning, at night, of our buildings ashore.

In a few days our establishment for curing fish was ready, and a trade was at once commenced with the natives, who industriously labored for us; for they, like all mankind, desired a little more worldly wealth, and were

not content, until, beside owning a knife (iscealy), a chisel (bellico), a hatchet (cogy-lyly), an axe (cogy-lib), and a string of blue beads (carah-carah-wah), they had also each earned a musket (antiki), and some ammunition (antiki-massow).

January 28th. Our hope, however, of soon filling out our cargo was soon disappointed; for, before the lapse of two weeks, "*the buildings are afire!*" again startled us at midnight. Beside the personal danger to the shore-party, and general delay occasioned by these three disasters, of the same kind, that had befallen us, the pecuniary loss of three hundred piculs of beche-de-la-mer, the aggregate stock destroyed at all the fires, was, at a low estimate, nine thousand dollars. Had not our trade been thus disastrously hindered, we should, probably, have obtained the residue of our cargo, in season to have avoided the crisis of our luckless voyage.

The king, as soon as he could, constructed another set of buildings for our use, and then retired to his town, thirty miles distant. We continued with little success our recommenced business, until the thirteenth of February, when the natives again attempted to burn our houses, and seemed to be disposed, upon a favorable opportunity, to make aggression upon the shore party. The chiefs, in the king's absence, evidently favored this hostile purpose. Two boats were sent from the ship, to defend our people and property ashore; and one morning, the natives having made a slight attack were forced to retreat to the woods, through the superiority of muskets to their rude weapons. Our men sustained no loss.

Our ill success here determined us to procure somewhere a cargo; and, having set fire to our buildings, we sailed for Mudwater (or Bonne Rarah, as the natives

call it). Just before departing for our new destination, the captain sent a boat ashore, under the command of our first officer, and manned by twelve of the crew well-armed, to get and bring to the ship a large bamboo-raft which he had recently bought of the natives, and which he supposed might be of service in constructing a new set of buildings at Bonne Rarah. The boat very soon reached the shore, and the men proceeded at once to the site of the burnt establishment, to seek among the ruins whatever articles might have been left by the shore-party; but they found nothing of importance. While thus engaged, they were startled by the report of a musket near at hand. On looking about, to ascertain the source of the sound, they observed that one of their number was missing. Rushing forward whence the sound apparently came, they saw their companion in the act of reloading his musket. It seemed that he had gone to the nearest brook, to quench his thirst, and, while drinking, heard footsteps behind him. Looking around, he saw a savage creeping very softly and with uplifted club towards the place where his musket was lying, a few feet from the brook. J—— sprang instantly for his gun, and succeeded in reaching it in advance of the savage, who finding his purpose thus frustrated, plunged into the bushes, to avoid being shot. J—— discharged his piece, though ineffectually, owing to his great excitement. In a few minutes, the party went to the beach, and after making the raft fast to the boat, began to tow it towards the ship. They had advanced hardly a cable's length from the shore, when a large number of savages appeared, and commenced firing upon them. The balls flew so thickly about their heads, that they deemed it to be prudent to cut away the raft, and pull heartily for the ship. When the savages perceived this movement, they manifested

great exultation with their gestures and war-yells. Many sprang into the water and swam for the raft, evidently determined to secure it for themselves. The raft, though valuable, was not worth the risk of life, yet the notion of its being taken away by savages, who had already destroyed much property, was very unacceptable, and inspired a spirit of resistance. The first officer, with his usual intrepidity and firmness, ordered to have the oars double-manned, and to row back for the raft. Two men were stationed in the stern of the boat, to fire upon the savages, who had recommenced discharging their muskets, sending the balls, however, through their unskilfulness, in every instance, over the heads of the men. The raft was again made fast to the boat, which was making for the ship, when the chief of the tribe, standing alone, drew attention to himself by challenging the boat's company to shoot him. They were aware that to wound or kill him, would, probably, end the affray, and relieve them from their perilous position. Accordingly, they directed their fire towards this savage. The motion of the boat, and the ceaseless dancing and jumping of the chief, made the shots uncertain, and several rounds were fired without effect. At length, the muskets were double-shotted, and, when discharged, brought him to the ground. All firing now ceased on both sides, and the attention of the natives was absorbed in lamentation for their dying chief. They beat each other, uttered most appalling yells, made wild and passionate gestures, and threw into the air their clubs and muskets. Some plunged madly into the sea; and others fell prostrate upon the beach, and lashed the sand with their brawny arms, in a perfect frenzy of excitement. The boat's company, leaving them to lament their great loss and greater folly, pulled for the

ship, which they safely reached, bringing in tow the raft.

On arriving at Bonne Rarah, the ship anchored in the roadstead formed by a bend of land between that town and the island of Tacanova, which, though opening out to sea, North East and South West, is thought to be, ordinarily, safe enough, as the sea is resisted by the islands and reefs. The buildings belonging to the ship Clay's company were taken by ourselves, and a friendly traffic with the natives was commenced.

The utmost available means were used, to secure our buildings from attack. A loaded swivel was mounted upon the premises, and each man was provided with suitable defence. Every evening, at eight o'clock, the swivel was discharged, signifying "all's well," and answered by a similar salute from the ship, which also was well guarded.

The king of Bonne Rarah, Mah-Mathee, a man apparently upwards of fifty years old, sedate and dignified in demeanor, corpulent, and of a very dark copper complexion, was daily aboard, accompanied by one of his warriors, and "next himself in power," Santa Beeta, the bust of whose comely and symmetrical features would adorn any collection of works of art, and whose manliness and grace of carriage were remarkable. His every look and gesture showed the strong and valorous chieftain.

It is surprising that a man, in many respects so amiable as the king of Bonne Rarah, should be found amongst such a barbarous people. A four months' observation revealed nothing in his conduct immoral or base; and his real kindness subsequently appeared in his care to protect our lives.

Santa Beeta's excellence in handling the spear was thus singularly illustrated. A cocoa-nut was placed upon

the windlass, and this chief standing near the tafferel, at the distance of about sixty feet, bent back at a fearful angle with the deck, and firmly grasping the spear by its centre, drove it, after careful aim, directly through the middle of the nut. So assured felt F——, one of the crew, of Santa Beeta's skill and good faith, as to persist in standing within two feet, at the side, of the nut.

Every boat load of beche-de-la-mer that came off from the shore was greeted with joy, for it added something to the cargo, which was fast being completed. Between the natives and ourselves friendly relations existed; so that our trade was undisturbed by hostile manœuvres. The ship was in good order for sea, and we were almost ready for leaving the islands. At evening, the officers walked the quarter-deck with lighter steps, and the crew, well and happy, assembled upon the forecastle, which resounded with their mirth and songs. One of these songs was "Home, sweet home." As we sat under a clear, starlight sky, enjoying after hard work the grateful ocean-breeze, the inspiring chorus of this song burst forth, as if spontaneously, from our hearts, and recalled to memory long past days and distant scenes. Our shipmates also ashore caught our pealing chorus, as it floated over the still water to their ears, and sent it back, like an echo, to the ship.

March 21st. Hardly a cloud crossed the sun in the morning, or at noon, of this delightful day. Towards night, however, the sky began to lower, and sudden gusts of wind, blowing violently down the highlands, which, eastward, overhang the town of Bonne Rarah, caused the ship to careen strangely, and, although of brief duration, and followed by dead calms, gave tokens of a coming storm. The signal guns, at their usual hour, announced "all's well." Night soon gath-

ered about us with unwonted gloom, and it began to rain heavily and in torrents. At ten o'clock, the gale had so alarmingly increased, that all hands were called, and the captain gave orders to take down the topmasts. Our first officer and nearly half of the crew being on shore, we were deprived of their valuable aid, and were obliged as best we could, to supply the deficiency in number. Besides, the violent careening of the vessel from side to side greatly confused us in performing our work. The slatting of ropes and blocks, the incessant creaking of masts and yards, the howling of the wind in every quarter, and roar of the breakers, as they burst upon the shore, made the men aloft almost deaf to orders, though trumpet-tongued: whilst on deck, amidst the deep darkness which shrouded the ship, man rushed against man, in eagerness and haste to do his duty.

By midnight, notwithstanding all hindrances, we had succeeded in "housing" the foretopmast. The gale had become a perfect hurricane, but as the wind blew off shore, near which the ship lay, the sea was not raised so high as to put us in immediate danger. The bower, sheet-anchor and kedge were all down, and, thus far, had held the ship. But, suddenly, the wind veered northward, and, there being no barrier to its full violence, poured a strong and boisterous tide through the channel. The anchors, which had been secured from the wreck of the brig Fawn, to supply our loss in a previous storm, were much too small for the ship, and painful evidence that they were strained beyond their power, was soon given by the shrill voice of the leadsman, exclaiming, "She drags! she drags!"

The passage astern was filled, we well knew, with sunken rocks and small islands; and, to our great peril, the hurricane was momentarily increasing. To get down

the main-topmast was now our chief object; which, notwithstanding the pitching of the ship against the waves that beat against her with terrific force, we were enabled to effect by early dawn, through the singular energy and skill of our second officer, who immediately controlled this duty, aided by the ready obedience and manful exertions of the crew. Still, after successive heavings of the lead, the unwelcome sound, at intervals, broke upon our ears, "She drags! she drags!"

The tempest was evidently at its height, as day dimly appeared, and although the fearfully expected crisis had not yet occurred, the ship had drifted very far, and, that she had not struck one of the many reefs or rocks, which must have lain in the course she had traversed, was owing, doubtless, to the strong tide, which swept her by them without essential injury. She was yet pitching madly in the heavy surge, and, at her every motion, the windlass was torn and splintered by the ceaseless fretting of the chain-cable. The rain and salt spray almost blinded us, yet, now and then, we caught glimpses of land and of reefs at a distance, which the breakers were dashing against, and covering with foam.

At nine o'clock, the breakers were discerned, about twenty rods astern. The captain ordered to cut away the lower masts, our last and only alternative, and they soon fell by the board. The ship had drifted, by rough calculation, about ten miles, and was hastening to destruction. The tempest was unabated in the least, and the anchors "came home" at every swell of the sea. No more could be done to save our hapless vessel, and officers and crew awaited the event in silent and thoughtful expectancy. The only human voice which mingled with the noise of elemental strife, was the occasional

piercing cry of the leadsman, sounding the knell of all our hopes, "She drags! she drags!"

A few minutes after ten o'clock she was driven and firmly imbedded upon a shore-reef, projecting from the island of Tacanova.

Soon after the shock, we heard the water rushing into the hold, through a hole made by the rocks; the rudder was violently displaced, and the ship careening presented her larboard broadside to the sea. The tide, favorably, was at its height, so that the ship was wholly impeded on the reef, and our lives were saved; otherwise, she would, probably, have foundered alongside, in which case all on board must have perished. Thus, after being twenty-two months absent from port, was wrecked the Glide, one of the stateliest ships that ever sailed from Salem.

CHAPTER IX.

Santa Beeta—The Captain and others leave the wreck—Their mishaps—Natives come aboard—Remainder of the crew leave the ship—Savages encountered—Stop for the night—Resume our journey—Reach Bonne Rarah—A missing shipmate—Account of Mr. William Carey.

It was our invariable rule, whenever a portion of the crew were permanently employed ashore, to retain some chief on board, as a hostage for their security. Accordingly, Santa Beeta was with us at this critical juncture, and, although consistently with the custom of these people, that on whose land a vessel is wrecked, the prize is his, he walked forward, as soon as he saw the position of the ship, exclaiming, "This is my land—this ship is mine," evidently much elated by the acquisition; yet, as

we anxiously turned towards him, to gather from his countenance and conduct our probable fate, he kindly took us by the hand, offered us his aid, and assured us that our lives should be saved.

Captain Archer prepared, as soon as possible, to leave the wreck, and to proceed, by Santa Beeta's advice, to Bonne Rarah, where we should be under his especial protection. We were unable to leave the wreck in a body, for the jolly-boat was sunk astern, and the launch had been lost in the storm. One of the quarter-boats was staved in being lowered; the other, however, was let down, and Captain Archer and a part of the crew, taking with them the ship's papers and a few articles of clothing, left in the boat for the shore, intending to send her back to take off the second officer and the remainder of the crew. The water was comparatively smooth on the leeward side, whence the boat started, but, as she crossed the wake of the ship, where the force of the sea was wholly unbroken, she met a heavy wave, which upset her at once, and left her inmates to shift for themselves.

The beach, fortunately, was lined with bushes, which the waves left bare as they receded. The luckless company seized upon these bushes, and holding on firmly, as the sea swept over them, scrambled, as it retired, for the shore, which they all reached safely, with what clothes they were dressed, and drenched with salt water.

In gaining land, they had indeed attained what is often the main hope of the shipwrecked mariner; yet the town, to which they were bound, was ten or twelve miles distant, and their course thither lay through a wild and lonely region, seldom travelled, and presenting many and various dangers. Somewhat encouraged, however, by having already escaped numerous perils, and, especially, by their success in buffeting the waves, which so lately

threatened their destruction, they began their desolate journey. They presently met a body of mountaineers hastening with frantic glee to the wreck. These savages, not content with their shares of the rich booty in prospect, robbed our men of nearly all their clothing, and left them to pursue their toilsome way thus exposed to the unrelenting storm, and well nigh exhausted with hunger and fatigue. The wind blew so violently before them as greatly to impede their advancing; and the way was so diversified, as to prevent their taking a direct and level course, but requiring frequent deviation and constantly painful efforts. They ascended hills, where the mist, driven along by the gale, for the while completely blinded them; and descended valleys where the high, coarse grass, and accumulated water hindered their steps. Occasionally, they crossed rivulets much swollen by the rain, and rushing by them with fearful rapidity. Other parties also of natives were encountered, bound on the same errand with those previously met, the uncertainty of whose conduct was a source of painful solicitude, for although one party should pass them without molestation, they knew not that another would be equally lenient. The violence of the hurricane was manifest from the many large trees completely prostrated, which they passed. Here and there, the ground was plentifully covered with bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts: the latter afforded them a beverage very refreshing, and doubly grateful in their distress.

After traversing about half the distance to Bonne Rarah, they met the wife of Santa Beeta, bearing in her hand his favorite war-club, the sign of his authority. They hurriedly informed her of the fate of the ship, and of her husband's desire, that they should find a shelter and protection at Bonne Rarah. She kindly seconded

his humanity and good feeling, and hastened to the wreck. They continued their way to the town.

Their progress was necessarily very slow; night was fast coming on, and the town had not appeared in sight. All were very weary, and the prospect of being obliged to pass the night without a covert from the storm was dismal and discouraging. The strength of Captain Archer, who had very narrowly escaped being drowned in crossing a swollen stream, having stepped into it where the water happened to be over his head and been carried downward some rods by the force of the current, until his progress was stayed by a projecting embankment, was so nearly spent, that he requested his companions to go forward without him, as he was ready to lie down, and meet his fate alone; but their earnest entreaties persuaded him to struggle onward, as best he could, in the hope of soon reaching the village. P——, one of the crew, who, beside the common distress, was troubled by an exceedingly painful ulcer upon his foot, which had confined him to the forecastle for several days before the loss of the ship, found himself wholly unable to proceed further, and, notwithstanding all entreaty, placed himself on the side of a rock least exposed to the wind, and, although thus slenderly protected against the tempest, insisted upon being left behind by his shipmates. Unwillingly acceding to his desire, the rest went on, and in the earlier part of the night arrived at the town, where they were gratified to see their companions of the shore-party, who were anxiously awaiting them. Without partaking of food, they sank down exhausted in the *Boore*, or Great Spirit's house, and soon forgot in grateful sleep their hunger, weariness and sad reflections on their uncertain fate.

The intention of Captain Archer to send back the boat,

in which he embarked for the shore, for the relief of our party, consisting of the second officer and eight of the crew, who remained on board the ship, was, of course, frustrated by the disaster which had happened to the boat. It was proposed by some one, that we should swim to land, about a third of a mile, but as all were not able to swim, this purpose was abandoned, and we determined to wait for some better plan to be devised.

The waves, now and then, made a complete breach over the ship, and swept every moveable from the deck. We thus lost several fine hogs, whose bitter lamentation at being so suddenly and involuntarily driven overboard, excited the more compassion, from our utter inability to render the least aid in their time of need.

Three quarters of an hour had not elapsed after the departure of the first boat, when scores of natives were observed swimming off to the wreck. Their skill in making way through such a heavy sea was extremely surprising. The smaller waves they were able to buffet with their muscular limbs, but when a heavy-comber threatened to sweep them irresistibly to the shore, they dexterously dived beneath it, as it came upon them, and so escaped its fury. Their hideous appearance excited reasonable fears of their conduct; but, no sooner had they come aboard, than Santa Beeta urged them to treat us with forbearance, as we intended no resistance. They heeded his request, and without molesting us, immediately began to pillage the ship. I could not but think, that had this people been taught to "do to others as they would have others do to them," much of the valuable property thus wantonly plundered, would have been restored, eventually, to its lawful proprietor.

At Santa Beeta's desire, we brought up from the cabin muskets and other valuable articles, which we lashed to

spars, for easier conveyance ashore. Our situation was momentarily becoming more disagreeable; and so many savages were constantly pouring in upon us, that we had reason to apprehend that our lives might be taken, notwithstanding the kind interference of Santa Beeta in our behalf. After great difficulty, we succeeded in hauling alongside the "jolly-boat," which was swamped astern; and, after bailing her out, we prepared ourselves to leave the wreck. Santa Beeta permitted us to take with us what articles of clothing we most needed, and requested us to carry to Bonne Rarah some elegant fowling-pieces. We entered the boat an hour after noon. Mr. B. the second officer, was the last to leave the wreck. It was painful to our feelings to bid, as we thought, a last farewell to the Glide, in which we had passed many laborious yet happy hours, leaving her in the possession of savages, who knew not the value of the greater part of the property, which they were plundering and destroying, and to direct our perilous course to the shore, not knowing what would befall us there.

Our boat was also upset, as we drew near the shore, but, fortunately, where the water was not more than four feet deep. Each man saved with difficulty the musket entrusted to his care, yet a large part of our baggage was lost. Barefooted, tired, and dripping with sea-water, we began our journey to Bonne Rarah. As we were passing through a dense forest, our progress was interrupted by a party of ferocious mountaineers who lifted their muskets over our heads, in a threatening manner, each one saying substantially, "Sah-senga ne-legomai ne-antiki, ne-tapa sah-moke"—*Give me your musket and clothes, or I will strike.* We prudently surrendered without parley, depriving ourselves of almost all our clothing, and were then permitted to proceed. The

chief of this tribe, to whom, of course, the property taken by his subjects was surrendered, was obliged, afterwards, to pay dearly for thus holding the lawful spoils of Santa Beeta; for the warriors of the latter chieftain attacked the mountaineers, regained the muskets, and, killing their chief, brought his body to Bonne Rarah, where it was served up at a cannibal-feast, which was celebrated on this joyful occasion. The circumstance was kept secret from us at the time, as was said by Santa Beeta in relating it, from consideration of our feelings.

After emerging from the woods, we saw, about fifty rods distant, a large number of savages armed with clubs and spears, hastening towards us with great apparent fury. Our ignorance of the fate of the captain and his companions, and the terrific aspect of the natives, occasioned some alarm; but our fears were happily quieted, when they came up to us, by finding that they belonged to Bonne Rarah, and were disposed to treat us with kindness. After a brief but friendly conference, the savages, at parting inquired, "Cybee ne waunka funua?" *Where is the ship?* and receiving an answer, urged us to hasten our steps, "*sah-lago*," and scampered away, yelling, to the wreck.

Parties of men and boys, not from Bonne Rarah alone, but also from villages more remote, we met, hurrying with their utmost speed to the wreck. I felt that I would gladly have remained on board, and joined in contesting inch by inch, our claim to the ship and property; but such feelings were wholly vain.

We endured nearly the same perils and inconveniences, in passing over this rugged country, and forcing our way through tangled thickets, which the first party endured. Our second officer and two of the crew beside myself, after travelling eight or nine miles, determined to

stop for the night. We were fatigued, and, though hungry, felt too weak to go forward, with the hope of satisfying our hunger; our feet also were much torn by sharp rocks, prickly pears and nettles. The prospect before us was gloomy indeed. Night was gathering about us, with almost impenetrable darkness, and the storm, though much abated, was yet howling through a neighboring forest. We were to lie in an open plain, upon the wet ground, pillowing our heads on rocks, sheltered from the chill and dampness by the scanty clothing only, which the savages permitted us to keep. Each of my companions had an outside jacket, and I was myself confined to a thin under-garment and a pair of trowsers. In the course of the night I got up several times, and endeavored, by thrapping my arms, to excite some warmth; but my teeth chattered all the while, and a ceaseless shivering pervaded my frame. We all suffered intensely, and enjoyed but little sleep. Now and then we heard, amid various sounds that filled the air, the busy tread of savages, probably coming from the wreck with their ill-gotten booty.

Early in the morning, stiff as we were, sore, and urged by gnawing hunger, we resumed our journey. The greater part of the remaining distance was along the beach, where the shells and sharp rocks pierced our feet. Our strength was somewhat repaired, notwithstanding our troubled rest, and we limped forward painfully, yet with hope.

On arriving at Bonne Rarah, we joined the party at the *Boore*, which had been set apart for our accommodation. The spectacle presented to my view, as I looked about me, after we entered this building, was very painful to my feelings. Officers and crew, who, a short time previously, were connected with a noble ship, and greatly

cheered by the near prospect of bidding farewell to the Islands, were now sitting together on the matting-floor, dejected and weary, with torn garments, pale and downcast faces, and dependent for mere subsistence on the uncertain benevolence of savages. Especially was I embarrassed to see him, whose orders I had faithfully endeavored to obey, who had exerted his utmost skill to save the ship, now reduced to the same hard lot with his men.

No man, in the case of a shipwreck, deserves more sympathy than the captain. The change is greater to him from the conveniences of the cabin to the hardships subsequent to a total wreck. Not even his official dignity keeps him company in his distresses. So long as he is master of the ship, he can, with comparative ease, maintain firmness and courage, however severe the voyage may be; but his steadiness of mind is apt to falter with the loss of command. To the honor of Captain Archer, he behaved like a man throughout our hard reverses, and forgot the officer in the fellow sufferer.

If the blessings of civilization and Christianity had been here enjoyed, we should have felt more assured of being treated with kindness by those about us. Those devoted men, who put their lives in peril, that they may dispel the moral gloom of paganism, are worthy of high esteem for their self-denial, even if the welfare of the shipwrecked sailor be alone considered.

Much anxiety was expressed concerning our shipmate, young P——, who had left the ship in the first party. At length he made his appearance in the village. It seemed that he had remained during the whole night in the spot he had chosen. Our party taking probably a somewhat different course from his, had not seen him. The next morning, an old native woman passing that way

saw him, and compassionately lent her aid in conducting him to the town. They walked on together with difficulty, the ulcer in his foot, from the sand and sea-water, being a source of exquisite torture.

Among those who left the ship in the same party with myself, was a young man who communicated to me some interesting particulars of his life. His name was William Carey. He had sailed, some years before, from Nantucket, in the whale-ship Oeno, which was wrecked near Turtle Island, one of the Fijiis. The officers and crew escaped from the wreck, but Carey, noticing a disturbance between his shipmates and the natives, concealed himself, fearing for the issue. He remained in safe seclusion two or three days, not venturing to go out lest he should suffer what he supposed to be, and which was, the fate of his companions. Hunger, at last, compelled him to do what prudence forbade, and he stealthily crept from his concealment in search of food. He was seen by a native. Conscious of being discovered, he seated himself on a rock, and bending forward with his back towards the savage, awaited the worst, in powerless despair. The native approached him, bade him rise, and conducted him to the *Boore* of his tribe.

The natives soon gathered in great numbers, and an animated conference was held, respecting, as he was subsequently told, the disposition to be made of him. The majority being in favor of sparing his life, he was taken by the chief into his family, and ever afterwards was well provided for and kindly treated.

Several years after the loss of the Oeno, the ship Clay, Captain Vanderford, of Salem, arrived at the same island. Mr. Carey's acquaintance with the language and customs of the natives enabled him to render important services in the way of trade. After the departure of the

Clay from the islands, Mr. Carey shipped on board the brig Quill, Capt. Kinsman, of Salem. With this vessel he remained until her cargo was completed, when he was induced (as before stated) to take a berth in the Glide. He sailed with us to Manilla. Having procured by his services for these three vessels a considerable sum of money, he was desirous of returning home to his friends. Accordingly, he made arrangements to embark in a vessel which was expected soon to sail for the United States, and even conveyed his baggage aboard. For reasons unknown to me, Mr. Carey gave up his purpose, and returned to the Glide, on the day previous to her departure. Thus was he twice wrecked at the Fijiis, and twice subjected to a residence among the savages, without, meanwhile, visiting home. As a linguist, assistant trading-master, and companion, he was much esteemed by officers and crew.

CHAPTER X.

Visit the wreck and return—A Council of Natives—The Priest—Kindness of the King—The Boore—The Captain sails for Bou—Commence housekeeping—Intercourse with the Natives—The Mountaineers—Books—A Play—Ways of passing time.

In the course of two or three days after the wreck, the storm abating, and the weather becoming calm and pleasant as usual, the king permitted a part of the crew, with several natives, to go off to the ship to get the salt provisions and bread. Some of us went in our only boat, others in one of the large double canoes kindly offered for our use. On our way down to the shore, we met natives returning, laden with plunder. We feared causing

affront by asking for clothes and other private property that we saw in their hands.

On reaching the ship we were well received by Santa Beeta, who was in high spirits, walking the deck, having on a checked shirt, and brandishing his war-club. When informed of our purpose, he ordered the savages aboard to render us all needful help, and was implicitly obeyed. His presence, doubtless, prevented our being injured by the other natives in their rapacious frenzy; for he was greatly feared, and already, we were told, had slain one native for meddling with some goods that he had reserved for himself.

The savages, fifty or sixty in number, were ransacking the ship in every part, stripping the rigging from the spars, unhinging the cabin-doors, hacking timber to extract nails and spikes, or pieces of iron, lead or copper, beating in barrels and hogsheads, dragging up our chests from the forecastle, jabbering all the while like monkies, yet working with the steady gravity of old caulkers. Above every thing else, they prized arms and ammunition, which they used special efforts to get and carefully keep. The sight was painful, yet their eagerness to outdo each other in securing booty was amusing.

In my chest was a small package of letters valuable to me alone, which I was now, in my misfortunes, especially desirous to keep. As I went towards the chest to get them, I was repulsed by a savage, who raised his club over my head, and bade me begone, or he would slay me, "*Sah-lago, sah-senga, ne-lago sah-moke.*" I desisted from my pursose, but not without politely assuring the plunderer, that the chest and its contents were mine, not his, "*Sah-quow, sah-senga, ne-quego.*" In a few minutes I saw my chest, with every token of home in it that I had, tumbled over the ship's side, and conveyed, I

knew not whither. This, thought I, is the "unkindest cut of all."

In the cabin, where multifarious substances, as paints, oil and flour, from the steward's apartment, were confusedly mingled together, some of the savages were creeping about, covered with the vile compound, spying out wonders, and laying hands on whatever they judged to be worth taking.

Our beche-de-la-mer about half filled the hold, and, by the bilging of the ship, became a putrid mass. At the foot of the mainmast was a barrel of cast iron axes, whose position the natives had somehow learned. Their desire of this tempting prize overcame their unwillingness to use the only means of securing it; and down they dived into the loathsome mass, at the risk of suffocation, often plunging in vain several times, and eagerly seizing an axe or two, six or eight feet deep, leaped back upon deck, covered with slime, and swimming ashore, left them in charge of persons waiting for the purpose. They then hurried again on board, to repeat the same zealous performance.

One native, in diving, came in contact with some mortar, formed by a cask of lime that was broken by the motion of the ship, and slacked by the water. Grasping a handful, he returned dripping with beche-de-la-mer to the deck, and inquired what the strange substance was. "The white man's bread," jocosely answered one of the crew. The native took a large mouthful, that well nigh strangled him, and presently, with many wry faces and ludicrous motions, spat it out again amidst great laughter, in which Santa Beeta heartily joined. Such experiments on the good nature of savages, are, however, somewhat dangerous.

The shore was occupied by women and children, who

received and secured what the men were constantly bringing from the ship. Cloth, of which we had several bales, wearing apparel and pieces of sails, were spread out to be dried on trees and bushes, and, together with various other property scattered about, gave to the shore an aspect of business.

We succeeded in finding unspoiled, seven or eight barrels of beef and pork, and two or three hogsheads of bread, which we carried to Bonne Rarah, and deposited in one of our buildings.

At the king's request, several of the ship's cannon were brought to the village, and conspicuously placed, facing the harbor. This was the only instance, to my knowledge, of anything like a fortification being planned by the natives; nor were the cannon suffered long to remain there, but were conveyed to the beche-de-la-mer buildings.

Both the king and Santa Beeta were deemed mighty men by neighboring chiefs and warriors, but were now regarded with unwonted awe for having such an amount of muskets and ammunition, and for the supposed instruction in the art of defence to be derived from a whole ship's company. Mountaineers and others visiting Bonne Rarah, we observed, paid unusual respect to these chieftains, who, on their part, were proud of showing their treasures, and remarking upon their wealth and power.

Soon after the completed plundering of the ship, a council respecting us was held in the Boore by the king, priests and warriors. The conduct of Santa Beeta during and after the night of the wreck, plainly showed his good will towards us; and, beside other marks, a brief declaration of the king's manifested his kindness of purpose. It was told me, that on the arrival of the first boat's company at Bonne Rarah, the captain was thus questioned

by the king. "Should Fijiians be cast ashore among your people, how would you treat them?" "Kindly," was the reply. "Then," rejoined the king, "I will treat you kindly; go with your men to the Boore, and I will protect you." Nevertheless, how the consultation would end, was a source of misgiving, for the opinions expressed were various. The king and Santa Beeta urged, that our services would be very valuable in showing the use of muskets and in repairing them, in making bullets, &c., not, probably, meaning that this was the highest motive for sparing us, but thinking that it would avail most in that assembly. One chief thought that we should eat too much, and hence, prudentially suggested our being at once despatched. The high priest (Numbetta) arose to give his judgment, which was awaited with great interest. This man was very black, of monstrous size, and very repulsive in aspect, looking as though he could be a terror to good or evil-doers, as best suited his instant purpose. He recommended to make hogs of us, alluding to the practice of killing these animals by blows on the head, cooking and eating them. This advice was consistent with the well known character of this priest. It was said, that, on the morning before the wreck of the ship, Numbetta stood outside of his hut, yelling and shaking hideously. Indeed, the natives frequently declared, that their priest *shook* the vessel ashore. It is surprising that such a man should be allowed by so good a king, to be the spiritual head of his people: it is not unlikely, however, that the will of the priest to occupy this post, was stronger than the king's power to displace him.

After much discussion, the better counsels of the king and Santa Beeta prevailed. This grateful decision was soon made known to us all, to some of our number by

"kysees," or natives of the lower caste, running and embracing us, crying out "Samboola boola papalangi,"—*the white men will not be injured.*

Soon after the breaking up of the council, the king, doubtless, as a re-assurance of his favor, returned to us a few articles of ours, which he had, showing, by his way of distribution, either his supreme contempt for marine rank, or his great error in valuation; for, whilst, to the crew generally he gave garments or other things very needful and acceptable, upon Captain Archer he bestowed with the utmost dignity and condescension, a worn-out chart, and a useless fragment of an old flannel shirt. Due thankfulness was, of course, expressed by the captain for these tokens of royal beneficence; for the favors of a despot, who held our lives in his keeping, were not to be received with manifest displeasnre.

The interest of the king in our welfare constantly appeared during our three months' residence at Bonne Rarah. Almost daily he looked in upon us, to ascertain our wants, and kept in his house, apparently for our sole use, quantities of tea, coffee and tobacco, which he distributed to us as need required. A portion of food was invariably set aside for us, whenever he prepared a feast. If in our walks about the village we met him, the salutations "sah-andra, touronga-lib," *welcome king*, "sah-andra, papalangi," *welcome white man*," were amicably interchanged. There was withal about him a dignity, that well comported with his kingly character, and showed that any violations of loyalty on the part of the natives, or of due respect on ours, would not be unrebuked. With extreme gratification I learned, after returning home, that Capt. Archer had since visited Bonne Rarah, in the barque Pallas, and bestowed upon his Majesty a rich scarlet cloak, a token of gratitude from the worthy and

venerable owner of the Glide for the protection afforded us in our disasters. The savages generally, like their king, were heartily disposed, according to their power, to relieve our distresses, and make us comfortable.

The Boore, in which we all lived until Santa Beeta prepared a house near his to accommodate a portion of our number, who removed to it as soon as it was completed, was situated a few rods from the compact village, and was nearly four times as large as the ordinary dwellings of the natives. Its foundation was of rough stone, about two feet high, the interstices being filled up with earth and leaves, over which were placed layers of mats, making the floor. The frame was of conical form, constructed of poles, three inches thick and two feet apart, one end being secured to the foundation, and the other to the top of the building. Closely placed across these poles were narrow strips of bamboo. The building was thatched with leaves, and had three doors.

On the 28th of March, Capt. Archer, Mr. Carey, and two or three of our men, sailed in our boat, by the king's consent, to the island of Bou, the capital of the Fijiis. This, our first separation, though on many accounts painful, was prudently planned, as a vessel was rumored to be in the vicinity of Bou. We shared with the party what we could spare for their comfort; and they, after exchanging with us farewells and cheers of mutual encouragement, started on their perilous adventure of sailing two hundred miles in a small boat, exposed to many dangers, and, not the least, attacks from savages.

After the captain's departure, we began house-keeping in earnest, regarding alike frugality and comfort, aware of the uncertainty of our stay, yet not too anxious about future sustenance. The provisions saved from the wreck, the presents above mentioned from the king, and yams,

plantains and fresh pork given to us by the natives, furnished no mean stock of food, which also, from our ambition, in turn, to excel each other in culinary tact, was not indifferently prepared. Two large iron pots or kettles were arranged outside the Boore for cooking food in pleasant weather; at other times, this work was done within. Whenever, also, any of us visited the abodes of native families, we were ever hospitably received, and on their observing the little bags of salt which we generally carried with us, (as they do not use it,) to season our food, we heard the exclamation "he has got his salt, and wants something to eat," and forthwith was cheerfully set before us their best and most acceptable provision.

The singular use made of our clothing by tne natives was often irresistibly ludicrous. They contrived every way to show off to the best advantage their many prizes. Some wore our jackets buttoned down behind; others had on our trowsers the wrong side before; one little fellow strutted along, as best he could, in a ruffled shirt, that belonged to one of the officers, the ruffles flaring on his back. Their droll expressions also in handling articles, whose use they knew not, excited mirth, notwithstanding the unpleasant feelings occasioned by seeing misused or wantonly destroyed, many things intrinsically valuable, or reminding us of home and friends. The dwellings also were adorned with property from the wreck. The cabin-doors and the ship's bulwarks were affixed to the outside of some of them. Suspended from the framework, inside, were pistols, cutlasses, muskets, garments, and other property. Of course, we dared not remonstrate against being deprived of much that would have been serviceable to us; although as far as prudence directed, and propriety permitted, we conformed to the usages of

the society in which we found ourselves, and thus were not too solicitous about what, in other circumstances, we should have required. And, perhaps, also, it would have shown ingratitude in us, placed as we were, and so much better treated than we could have expected to be, to insist strenuously on the distinctions *mine* and *thine*. There was one expedient, however, which we scrupled not to use in some cases. When a native requested any one of us to mend a musket, or prepare some ammunition, time enough was spent about the work to justify asking by way of remuneration for the service, a garment, or anything else that was much needed, and happened to be descried in the employer's house. For instance, if a little rust had gathered about the lock of the musket that was put into our hands to be repaired, the piece was taken apart and oiled, hammers, files and screw-drivers were in great request and use, somewhat, indeed, for the advantage of the musket, but much more to further our prudential scheme. This use of fire-arms seemed to be as peaceable a mode as could be devised, of recovering our property, and, as such, to be perfectly justifiable.

Amongst the booty from the ship were many casks of powder, of whose explosive nature the natives had little knowledge; and of its extreme danger, when accumulated in large quantities, little conception. In one dwelling which we visited were a number of kegs of powder promiscuously placed upon the floor, in the centre of which a fire was kindled. The family were cooking their usual food; loose powder was scattered about; and the proprietor himself, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and with a Scotch cap on his head, sat on a keg of powder before the fire, composedly smoking his pipe. We were somewhat amazed at the sight, and, if in the course of the interview, we felt some trepidation, it could not be called

wholly groundless. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Damocles himself, (whose famous sword has become much blunted by its frequent use in illustration) had more cause to be ill at ease, at his feast, knowing that a drawn sword was suspended over his head by a single horse-hair, than we had, while paying to our native friend the civilities of the season, in the presence of fire and gunpowder. Our visit was not long protracted, and we took leave before the viands in preparation were ready to be eaten. No accident resulted from this strange manner of storing powder, fortunately for us, since had an explosion occurred, it would have been attributed to our influence, and we should have suffered for the supposed offence.

Occasionally we prepared in the Boore some provision which we deemed good enough for the king, and invited him to partake of it with us. Whenever he was graciously pleased to accept our humble invitation, he brought with him a chair, plate, knife and fork, (which he had obtained from the ship,) and, after seating himself with becoming dignity, and being first served with the choicest portions of food, he began plying his knife and fork so busily, that we sometimes wished that His Majesty would more regard conventional ceremony, since, before all of us had had our first supply, he needed a second, which emptied the kettle. Of course, whatever inconveniences were attendant on being in the presence of royalty we patiently bore, and questioned not the king's rightful prerogative to eat as much as he liked. The king's use of eating utensils, though it generally enabled him to consume soon enough what was set before him, was not skilful, at best; and sometimes was very awkward, as when he grasped the knife in his left hand, and held the sharp edge towards him, at such an angle,

that, as often as one piece of food entered his mouth, two fell back upon his plate. He also used his fork as a tooth-pick, thus confirming the notion held by some, that this practice consists better with the manners of savage than of civilized life.

The savages of Bonne Rarah were a powerful tribe, and frequently were required to exert their prowess against neighboring mountaineers, who came down into the village, at night, for purposes of plunder. One night, assembled in the Boore, we heard a loud outcry in the village, and instantly aroused ourselves, conjecturing that an attack upon us might be contemplated by the natives. No defensive weapons were at hand; the night was very dark and stormy; and fears lest at each way of egress armed savages would cut off our escape, determined us to stay in the building. The rustling of leaves around the Boore naturally appeared to our excited fancy to be the stealthy tread of approaching savages. From our suspense we were soon relieved by a native, who came into the Boore, and told us that some mountaineers had been discovered advancing towards the village; that they had been repulsed, and that there was no longer cause of apprehension. We not only rejoiced to learn that no danger was near, but also to find that there was no reason to doubt the good faith of the villagers.

Preparations for our comfort and support served almost exclusively to occupy our minds for a while after the wreck, yet, notwithstanding that long trading with these islanders had given us that knowledge of their manners and language, which made our situation less irksome than otherwise it would have been,—when our arrangements were completed, and we had more time to reflect on the chances of leaving the islands, melancholy thoughts

and fears gained the ascendency, and the hours became dull and wearisome through our long inaction.

The few books that we had on ship-board, were now scattered about among the natives, who found them useful for cartrages, and were generally unwilling to part with them. But, by importunate begging, and now and then receiving a book in pay for work, we recovered several, the chief of which were one number of an old English magazine, an odd volume of Shakspeare, and one of Pope. This last was a copy of the "Essay on Man," which a savage, whom I met in the village having it in his hand, gave me with unexpected readiness, on my making bold to ask for it. These books were repeatedly read, and interested our minds. Sometimes one of us read aloud for the general amusement, and was listened to with patience and pleasure by many, who in other circumstances, would not have paid the least attention. The "Essay" was of especial service to those who cared to exercise themselves in parsing, which we made a truly serious business. Not having at hand any infallible standard, the right of private judgment was by common consent readily granted and used; and all doubtful cases, which, from some cause or other, were not few, were determined by appeals to the majority of votes. Thus, many of the most disputed points in grammar were easily and quickly settled. Perhaps, also, some innovations were made, that would have startled the old grammarians, but of course, a few questionable decisions were of less account than a strict adherence to democratic usage. What these innovations were I will not pretend to say, as they would more appropriately find place in a more scientific work than this, and as, being rather conservative in my notions on many points proposed, I know not to how many I could lay lawful claim.

I may say, however, that the question whether two negatives make an affirmative, was decided, if my memory serves me, in the negative. This vote may be understood not as deciding the abstract point, but as legalizing precedent practice. Though in the minority on this subject, I yielded, like a good citizen, to the prevailing voice. Had we had a "Grammar," we should have received its authority with respect, but, having none, we were not restrained from making whatever changes we pleased. It may be, that had we owned the best "Grammar" ever written, no regard for it would seriously have obstructed the addition of very many new rules to the science, if the will of the majority had been so inclined. In such a case Lowth and Murray must ingloriously have been defeated, for "where there's a will, there's a way" to exceed high and determinate authority. How various soever opinions may be held of the poetical and philosophical merits of the "Essay on Man," there can be no just doubt of its worth as a manual for parsing.

Our odd volume of Shakspeare, beside being read with pleasure, also moved us to get up a dramatic entertainment, the subject of which was the voyage. The play began with the acting-captain, engaged in shipping a crew for the Glide, at a sailor's boarding house, and holding out all those attractions with which a voyage is usually set off by this class of men, whose eloquence is hardly less fascinating than were the "persuasive words" of the "wily adder." Successively contrasted with this scene were the various mishaps that had attended our voyage. The brief authority of the officers was becomingly worn a while by common seamen. Many expressions, often heard and well-remembered, were slily brought out, amidst the uncontrollable laughter of the actors themselves. The king and a number of natives,

seated conspicuously before us on mats, paid wondering attention, being at a loss to understand all our sayings and doings, until, in the course of the play, our arrival at the Fijiis was brought forward, and the trafficking and haggling were mimicked by an officer, playing the part of a Fijiian, and a common sailor that of the trading master, when our drift was more exactly comprehended, and the progress of the action more eagerly watched. And, when the baffling of the natives' occasional efforts to cheat us was set forth, the mirror thus being too truthfully held up to nature to be longer mistrusted, the sense of the whole matter flashed upon our audience, like the meaning of the differential calculus on the mind of a student, long perplexed in trying to grasp it, and the Boore resounded with the spontaneous uproar of savage delight. Through the remainder of the play, involving the wreck and our hospitable reception by the king, to whom and his people many compliments were paid, we were followed with intensest interest, and were gratified, at the close, by unequivocal expressions of royal satisfaction.

A polite assembly among us is sometimes required to sympathize with a favorite drama, undergoing martyrdom from amateur players; but, however inferior our histrionic skill may have been, we displayed it solely before a barbarous king and people, who were indifferent critics, and whom it was good policy to gratify by affording the knowledge, unusual in their part of the world, of what it means to see a play. Though it was not our aim "to catch the conscience of the king," our making merry with a few foibles of himself and subjects must have been compensated by the ready exhibition of our whimsies and follies. In short, our play, if neither witty in itself nor the cause of wit in the hearers, resembled that famous piece, once performed in ducal presence by Snug the

joiner and others, in being very laughable and incitive to laughter.

Beside these diversions, we sometimes accompanied the natives in visits to neighboring tribes. When at a loss for other means of amusement, we gathered shells and eye-stones on the beach, and bathed in the sea. The hills near by we frequently climbed, and eagerly scanned the horizon for some object which hope might regard as a friendly sail. On those retired heights, hearing the subdued murmur only of the beating breakers, in communion with self and Him, whose providence had thus far preserved our lives, bright visions of home and friends passed rapidly before our minds, and were succeeded by many a shadowy doubt whether home or friends we should ever again behold.

On Sundays, assembled in the Boore we sung what sacred hymns we knew; and the exercise excited many pleasant memories. The singing of Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn seemed to have a peculiar interest, both from the nature of the piece, and from our having often heard it sung without a thought of ever dwelling, ourselves, upon a solitary heathen shore. Sometimes, the natives, attracted by the unusual sounds, gathered about the doors, imagining, perhaps, that we were chanting war-songs.

CHAPTER XI.

Amusements of the Natives—Excursion to the interior of the Island—Reception by the Natives—Return—General account of a Fijiian Festival, attended by the crew—Burning of the Ship—Intelligence of the loss of the brig Niagara—Others of the crew leave for Bou.

The Fijiians, if hungry, have little more to do than to stretch forth their hands and pluck delicious fruit; if thirsty, streams of pure water run near by, or they may easily procure the rich beverage of the cocoa-nut. Hence they spend much time in amusement, and especially in swimming, in which exercise they manifest pleasure and adroitness. Almost daily I saw scores of them bathing. However afraid they may sometimes become from other causes, they trust without fear their aquatic skill. On the night of the wreck, when the Glide was fast dragging her anchors towards the reef, and darkness shrouded ship and sea, the storm being at its height, a native, fearful of being on board at such a time, and apparently preferring to encounter familiar perils, than others to him seeming mysterious, plunged into the foaming waves, and swam half a mile to the shore.

One day, I was invited by a chief, whom I had frequently visited, to accompany him on an excursion to the interior of the island. My curiosity and trust in the good faith of my friend prevailed over the efforts of my companions, who feared for my safety, to dissuade me from going: and, having provided ourselves with suitable means of defence for what emergency might occur, we passed through a defile of the mountains, and then struck into a well-beaten path leading through a rather uneven region. The beautiful diversity of prospect from the higher portions of our course, the mild air of the delight-

ful day, birds of brilliant plumage singing in the trees about us, the ripe and grateful fruit easily procured, patches of sugar-cane here and there pleasant to see and taste, agreeable conversation, and the kind civilities of natives whom we met, made our walk the source of intense and various enjoyment.

At sunset, we reached our journey's end, a small village of about thirty rudely constructed huts, and were heartily welcomed by the chief of the tribe, who conducted us to his house, and soon set before us a repast of baked pig, fruit and vegetables. In the evening, about twenty natives, invited by our host, assembled, among whom were several that I had seen on board the ship, and who recognized me with apparent delight. A general conversation, relating, beside many other topics, to the lost ship, the white men and their country, was held, throughout which, it was gratifying to observe, mutual kindness and courtesy prevailed. The social party was highly interesting, occasionally enlivened with good-humored mirth; and when it broke up at midnight, we went to sleep with pleasant thoughts.

In the morning we visited the Boore, which was similarly constructed, though in every respect inferior, to that at Bonne Rarah. In the centre of the apartment, where were held the religious ceremonies, which were about to commence when we reached the building, was a very large bowl of *angona* or *ava* root, of which, after being properly prepared, all the natives assembled repeatedly partook, the intervals between the potations being occupied by the priest pronouncing certain forms of speech, to which the audience who were seated around the apartment, now and then responded. Near the door were arranged in open sight, several small, round blocks of wood, singularly ornamented with sennit and carved

work, to which the natives, as they came in and retired, made low obeisance. As usual, no females were present. After the conclusion of the service, which held an hour, we rambled about the village, being kindly welcomed wherever we called; and, at length, returned to the house of the hospitable chief, whence, having partaken of another ample feast, and thanked our host for his kind attention, we departed for Bonne Rarah. My excursion surprised both me and my shipmates, to whom I gave an account of it, for much we had previously heard said of the ferocity of the inland savages.

In the latter part of April, a festival, which we were kindly invited to attend, was held at a village about forty miles from Bonne Rarah. As the place, though on the island of Tacanova, was easiest of access by sailing, my shipmates, it was determined, should accompany the king in his double canoe; and I went with the chief with whom I made the inland excursion, in his single canoe, sooner than the rest, at an early hour after noon on the day before that of the feast. My patron I found to be very loquacious, for, instead of our holding a pleasant conversation together, he took upon himself to give me a lecture of what was to be expected at the coming festival, diversifying his discourse with "*solib*," grand feast, "*leebo, leebo*," great, great, "*benacka, benacka*," good, good, "*mungety-leelo*," plenty of provisions, "*pookah*," pigs, "*ouvie*," yams, "*aooto*," bread-fruit, "*boondy*," plaintains, all which expressions, of course, deeply impressed my imagination. Now and then he asked, whether I comprehended what he said. Whatever was my response, he was none the less talkative, for when he questioned me, "*sah* gala guego*," do you under-

* "Sah" is a prominent word in the Fijii language, to which it seems to be peculiar, as I never heard it used by other islanders in the Pacific. It

stand? if I answered "*sah-senga*," no, he labored long and hard to make his meaning clear to my mind; and, if my reply was "*sah gala quow*," I do understand, he took courage from the honest confession, and at once proceeded to give me more information.

Soon after sunset, having landed at a small island midway between Bonne Rarah and the place to which we were bound, we were well received by the natives, who conducted us to their *Boore*, near the top of a high hill, and presently furnished us with a generous repast. Here, in less than an hour, the report of our arrival drew together many savages, from whose evident astonishment, as they gazed upon me, I conjectured that most of them had never seen a white man. Though we were kindly invited to spend the night here, yet the curiosity of the natives made them reluctant to retire from the Boore, and leave us to sleep. Of course, distinguished strangers must always receive without complaint the benevolent persecution to which they are everywhere subjected, and, accordingly, we patiently waited until, at a late hour, the hospitable party went away, when we lay down to rest. Our singular situation, exposure to attacks from savages, over whom kindness and ferocity hold rule by turns, and a consciousness of our almost complete helplessness in such a case, occasioned in me unquiet feelings, which, in truth, were not allayed by my dear friend, the Cannibal-chief, who frequently started up from his mat in great excitement, and paced rapidly to and fro,

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is usually prefixed to questions, answers, commands, and words expressing quality; for instance, beside the words used in the text, *sah-lago*, begone, *sah-lagomai*, come, *sah-benacka*, good, *sah-thah*, bad, *sai*, (contracted, probably, from *sah-ai*,) yes. Sometimes, however, it is dropped in common conversation, as (sah) *benacka*, (sah) *lagomai*, (sah) *lago*. So that it seems to have little meaning of its own, yet it sounds agreeably, when spoken by a native.

with his war-club at his side. The chief, at length, explained his singular conduct by telling me that the savages designed to detain me on their island, and that he had been anxiously devising some way to defeat their purpose. At his suggestion, early in the morning, before the natives were stirring, we silently left the Boore. I placed myself on the chief's broad shoulders, and held in one hand his war-club, and in the other his canoe-paddle. Thus we stole softly down the steep hill, and when we came to the beach, to our amazement, our canoe was nowhere to be seen. The chief, in the height of his vexation, brandished his club towards the Boore, and poured forth a torrent of imprecation. Fearful that his wild anger would soon arouse the natives, I looked about for the canoe, and after careful search, found it secreted in a thicket near the shore. We dragged it with difficulty to the water, hoisted our three-cornered sail, and unmolested sailed away from the island.

The sun had just risen, when we reached the landing-place, about a mile from the spot chosen for the festival. We were among the first comers. On the glittering waves at some distance, we saw hundreds of canoes, some boldly advancing on the open sea, others more wary keeping nearer to the shore, and others now and then emerging into sight from behind points of land and small islands, all bound, with their shouting crews, for the general feast. They soon drew nearer, and companies of natives from neighboring islands and remote villages of Tacanova, landed, in quick succession, at the beach, and made the hills echo with their loud rejoicing.

The plain selected for the feast was of many acres, covered with liveliest verdure, surrounded by groves, in which were many fruit-trees, and through it coursed brooks of pure water from adjacent highlands. In its

centre was a pyramid, apparently eight feet square at the base, and tapering fifteen feet to a point, of yams; and near it was a smaller one, of *angona* root. Hanging from gnarled branches of ironwood trees, in another part of the field, were large quantities of plantains, cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit. At one end were several pens, filled with swine, of which, there were, at least, a hundred. While the men, profusely annointed with cocoa-nut oil, decorated with garlands of beads and flowers, having on their heads very large white turbans, and around their waists elegant *maros*, were proudly strutting about the plain, displaying their fashionable attire, the women were meekly and laboriously cooking food.

After the completed preparation, the different tribes of the numerous assemblage arranged themselves on the grass in semicircles, about ten paces in front of which were seated their respective king, chiefs and priests, and between these dignitaries and the people was placed their appointed provision. The tribes all first drank *angona*, and then, four or five natives, who attended each tribe as waiters, began dividing the food, and another taking on a plaintain-leaf a parcel of it, advanced to the master of the feast for the division, and asked "*quotha*," for whom? when, the name of some one being spoken aloud, the person thus designated clapped his hands to make known his position, and, being at once supplied with his portion, began eating it with strips of bamboo, sharpened on one edge, and pointed. This ceremony was repeated until all received their shares, reference being made to rank in the order of distribution.

In the afternoon, two or three hundred young females, wearing girdles of variegated grass and leaves, and necklaces of colored beads and flowers, danced with liveliness and modest mien across the plain, loudly singing

and waving beautiful fans over their heads with easy uniformity and grace; and then, adroitly wheeling about, retraced their way, with fans flourishing in the air, echoing song and sprightly dance.

Next came forward a party of men, with hair frizzled in the highest style of Fijiian art, tapering beards, long *tapas* of snowy native-cloth, contrasting with their own swarthy color and trailing on the grass, their arms and faces shining with cocoa-nut oil, in hand their stout and polished war-clubs; and, having arranged themselves in two divisions, a pace apart, in open distance, they raised with united voices a piercing war-song, in time with which all made the same impressive gestures. Now they bent back their bodies, elevating their war-clubs in the air, in seeming preparation for attack; then, with faces of determined courage, lifting higher their shrill, fierce chorus, all leaped as one man onward, as if about to meet a furious foe; and, at last, as if they had achieved a noble victory, changing to triumphal notes their yell of onset, with fiend-like smiles, they danced wildly about in a thousand intricate and changeful steps.

Our company, being requested by several chiefs, on the second day of the festival, to amuse in our turn the assembled crowds, concluded to perform a few military manœuvres. We chose one of us captain, recalled what we knew of soldiers' tactics, and keeping time by a whistled tune, in lack of better accompaniment, advanced in open order, and charged bayonets; marched, with muskets shouldered, in lock-step and solid column; formed a hollow square, and, finally, wheeled into line. All our movements were watched with eager eyes by the natives, who expressed their pleasure by loud plaudits, to which, of course, like true soldiers, we gave slight heed, but, with faces unmoved, proceeded through the

manual exercise. When the order came "make ready—aim—fire!" one of our muskets happening to be loaded, discharged its contents over the heads of scores of seated savages, whose dismay now equalled their previous approbation. Their earnest inquiries were hardly evaded by assuring them that the piece was over-charged with powder. A few hours after the subsided consternation, a tree, which, from its situation, it was supposed that the shot must have pierced, was examined by one of the crew, and in it were found several deep indentures made by the shot, about five feet from the ground.

Towards evening, the festival was concluded, and the company began to disperse. Those who had sailed to the ground, started to the places where the canoes were secured, and embarked in their little fleets in various directions. Our party sailed in pleasant company with others bound for Bonne Rarah. When we came within a few miles of this town, a burning object was discovered on the water, which, on a nearer approach, we found to be our beautiful ship, to which fire had been set by the savages who had remained behind, for the sake of her iron-work. This was a sad conclusion to the enjoyment experienced at the festival. The satisfaction, that we had felt in looking out from our lonely abode upon the hull of the Glide, was now taken away, and we felt more than ever deprived of remembrances of home.

A few weeks after the departure for Bou of Captain Archer, a large double canoe arrived at Bonne Rarah, from which we learned that the captain and his party were safe; that the brig Niagara, Capt. Brown, of Salem, had been wrecked on a reef midway between Overlou and Bou; and that her crew were now staying at this latter island. Thus, the two only vessels at the Fijiis at this time were wrecked on the same day, and in the same

storm; and, very remarkably, no member of either crew was afterwards slain by the natives.

A part of the crew, with our second officer and Mr. Carey, left us on the return of this canoe to Bou, thus reducing our number to sixteen men. The separation seemed like bidding a mutual farewell for life, narrowed the circle, in which our spirits were chiefly sustained by common sympathies and hopes, and deepened that feeling of loneliness, which previously parting with others had occasioned. To miss a single face which we were wont to see, was deeply felt. Stroke after stroke, hardly to be endured, seemed to be heavily falling upon us; the officers and crew of the Glide, once held together by relative duties on ship-board, and, afterwards, by the still stronger community of suffering, were dispersing in various directions, whilst the lot of those who went away, and of those who staid behind, was enshrouded by the same cloud of dark uncertainty. Some were about to suffer many more trials before reaching home: and of the return of others to their native land there has yet been no account.

CHAPTER XII.

Arrival of the Harriet—Provided with a passage to Wallis Island—Recover some of the property of the Glide—A visit to the king—The last sight of Bonne Rarah—The Harriet sails for Bou, and finds there an American barque—She then sails for Wallis Island—Arrival—We are assigned places of abode.

On the twenty-second day of May, a vessel was descried by a shipmate, who speedily gave notice to the rest of the cheering spectacle. "Sail ho!" shouted we all, as we rushed from the Boore to the beach, and "Waunka-funua," *large ship*, cried the natives, as they hurried along the by-paths of the village. When we reached the shore, our joy was as great at seeing a neat little schooner approaching the harbor, as had been our previous impatience and depression, when we looked in vain for a sail. The savages, too, gambolled about, and spoke kindly in our ears, in seeming sympathy with our gladness. The chief, with whom I had taken the inland excursion, now endeavored to dissuade me from leaving the islands, by the offer of a musket and a keg of powder; but, finding his proposal unsuccessful, he turned hastily away from the shore, as if unwilling to take formal leave, and witness my embarkation. The Fijii matrons, too, urged by curiosity, and also by interest in our welfare, which they had ever shown, assembled on the beach, and were not unmoved spectators of the scene.

In a short time the schooner entered the harbor, and presently boats came from her to the shore, and conveyed us to the vessel, on the stern of which was painted the "Harriet, New York." She had sailed from Oahu. She was of about sixty tons burthen, of beautiful proportions, and had a large well furnished cabin. From her after

port-holes projected several loaded cannon. She was also well provided with small arms. Drawing not more than seven feet of water, she was much more suitable for these dangerous waters than larger vessels. Her crew were chiefly Kanakas.* Captain Young and George Maninnit† received us kindly, and soon determined to carry us to Wallis Island, distant three hundred miles, in a north-westerly direction, where the natives were kindly disposed. Hence, if possible, they would convey us to the Sandwich Islands, where we might reasonably hope for chances of return to the United States. Aboard this small vessel were, before our coming, thirty men, and the addition of our number must have been a serious inconvenience.

Efforts were now made to procure what property of the Glide was left. Her cables and anchors were obtained by diving, — a Kanaka going down with one end of a rope in his hand, and passing it securely around the cable to which the anchor was attached. The anchor was then drawn up. What remained of our salt provisions and bread was secured. A hundred pounds of tortoise-shell, beside much other valuable property, was obtained from the natives. Several thousand dollars' worth of property, of various kinds, was taken aboard the Harriet. We well paid our passage in advance. The arrival of the schooner was fortunate for her owners, and the help afforded us was recompensed.

One evening, at the request of one of our Englishmen, I went with him ashore to the house of the king, who was gratified with seeing us, and persuaded us to remain with him during the night. Our visit came near being a trag-

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* An Hawaiin word, applied to the Sandwich Islanders.

† One of the owners of the Harriet, then acting as linguist and trading master. A particular account of this person is subsequently given.

edy. My companion had had some difficulty with the king's son, who threatened his life, and no sooner heard that the object of his malice was in his father's house, than, armed with a loaded musket, he rushed into the dwelling, intent upon his purpose, and, but for the quick interference of the king, would have discharged his piece upon my companion, who was lying near me on the mat. We sprang upon our feet, aided the king in the expulsion of his son from the house, and in securing the entrance against him. We again lay down upon the mat, with loaded muskets in our hands, and heard the prince, outside, swearing, in deep rage, that before morning he would kill one of us. The king placed a huge block against the door, and reclined, with his head upon it. That the king should, for the sake of the Glide's men, thus arm himself against a mad, rebellious son, who, should he enter, would be compelled to wreak vengeance on his father before reaching us, was surely a remarkable instance of self-denial and generosity. The night passed away without further annoyance; and rising early, we partook of the hospitality of the king, and, thanking him again and again for his kindness, we left his house for the schooner.

Desirous as I was of leaving Bonne Rarah, I looked upon the little town, now quiet in the early morning, which a few days before had been full of excitement, caused by the new arrival, with something like regret; a feeling, which, I doubt not, is often felt in some degree by shipwrecked sailors, on a savage coast, when, after having been treated with generous and unexpected kindness by the rude natives, a way of escape is at length open before them. No song, to pass the heavy time, could now be heard from the Boore, for that was now deserted by my shipmates. Three months before, a stately ship rode at anchor a few rods from the shore; but she had vanished,

and my recollections of her were shadowy and dim, like those of a troubled dream. The buildings which then resounded with the hum of industry, were now going to decay. Our hopes of getting a fine cargo, of a pleasant voyage home, of entering again the familiar harbor whence we sailed, were merged, after our wreck, in painful anxiety respecting our individual lot. Confined in Bonne Rarah, with no prospect of relief, it was enough to cheer our hearts, to hope, that, however forlorn and needy, we might, perhaps, one day, set foot on our native land, and look once more on the faces of our friends.

After the Harriet had procured what property of the Glide could be obtained, she sailed from Bonne Rarah for Overlou and Bou, on which latter island we supposed were now residing a part of our crew, and the officers and men of the Niagara. Our joy at the anticipated meeting of our companions in peril was not unmingled with fear lest the crowded state of our little schooner would prevent taking them on board. The next day this fear was happily quieted, as we arrived off Overlou, and saw a barque at anchor in the harbor, at whose mizen-peak were floating the "stars and stripes."

The little Harriet entered the harbor with the American flag conspicuously displayed, and when she came within a mile of the barque, a salute was exchanged, and a boat from the barque, with the second officer and some of the Glide's men, came alongside, and gave and received hearty congratulations for the relief thus timely given. In the evening, a party visited the barque, which was the Peru, Captain Egglestone, of Salem. As we climbed up the sides of the vessel, and met our shipmates at the gangway, we felt a pleasure which seemed a recompense for our past trials. We were animated by no pleasing dream or optical illusion, but by the consciousness that our feet

really trod the deck of an American vessel, and that our hands grasped those of friends from our own port. The Peru's men had heard of the massacre of our shipmates, for the barque was anchored in nearly the same place with the Glide at the time of that dreadful event. As the particulars of the tragedy were again related, in graphic words, how one and then the other fell, how they were brought aboard, then carried ashore and buried, the tenderest feeling was shown by the whole group, and many a tear fell from many a sun-burnt face. "But it is useless to weep; what is done, is done, and can't be helped," said a weather-beaten sailor, as he listened to the end of the sad narration, and tears streamed from his eyes. In the first officer of the Peru, I recognized an old school-mate, whom I had known in brighter days. He was the mate of a fine vessel, and I a poor, shipwrecked sailor; but of this disparity of situation I made little account, except to be most truly thankful for his good success, since he informed me that my friends were well.

Having bidden "good-by" to our friends of the Peru, we returned to the schooner, which, on the morning after, with the addition to our number of Captain Brown of the Niagara, sailed for Bou, for the purpose of procuring some of the property of that ship. On arriving, we saw the Niagara lying high and dry on a reef midway between Overlou and Bou, on her starboard side, stripped of every valuable—a mere hulk. The sight recalled vividly to mind the wreck of the Glide, whose crew were now being dispersed up and down the Pacific. Beside other articles, the cables and anchors of the Niagara were obtained.

In a few days the Harriet left Bou for Wallis Island. Her progress was slow, owing to her large cargo, and so lumbered were the decks that it was difficult to walk about or to find a place to sleep. On the twenty-ninth of June,

we arrived at Wallis Island, and found in the harbor the brig Chinchilla, Captain Meek, bound for the Fijiis. We had hoped that there would have been here some whale-ship, about to sail to the Sandwich Islands, or to some other place frequented by American vessels. We landed at a small island, where Maninni lived, that faced the entrance to the harbor. In his store-houses we helped his men to deposit the various cargo which the Harriet had brought. According to arrangements made between Maninni and the natives, we were conveyed in canoes to the main island, and, on landing, were conducted to the abode of the king, to await his pleasure respecting our places of residence on the island. During this walk of three or four miles, the greater part of which was along a wide pathway, leading, occasionally, by cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, the curiosity of the people was amusing, and their hospitality gratifying to observe. As we passed by the little clusters of houses, men, women, and children assembled with smiling faces, greeted us with cheerful *alofas*, welcomes, and presented to us choicest fruits. We found Lova Reua, the king, at home, sitting cross-legged on the matting floor, surrounded by forty or fifty natives, among whom were the priest and many principal chiefs of the island. We seated ourselves in the native style, and heard an animated conference respecting the places of abode to be assigned to us. It was finally determined that our first officer and F—— and A—— should reside with the king, P—— and C—— with the high chief Geevahlu, Captain Brown and our third officer with George Maninni, myself with Vong Ouvie, the priest. The rest of our party shipped on board the Chinchilla and the Harriet, the latter vessel being about to sail to the Marion Islands. We separated for our new homes. My new host, Vong Ouvie, conducted me to his dwelling, about a mile from the house

of the king, and kindly bidding me enter, introduced me to his wife, who was seated on the floor, with an infant in her lap. She welcomed me with a pleasant smile, and pointing to a newly made mat, desired me to be seated. From the conversation which passed between my kind benefactors, and the friendly glances which now and then they cast upon me, I doubted not the cordiality of my welcome.

CHAPTER XIII.

Description of Wallis Island—The cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and plantain trees—Climate—Disposition and manners of the natives—Dwellings—Lova Reua, the king—Mode of making cloth—Tattooing—Lizards—Birds—Mode of catching fish—Shark feast.

Wallis Island, which derives its name from Captain Wallis, who discovered it in the year 1767, is situated in 13° 30′ south latitude, and in 175° 5′ west longitude. Its circumference is not more than twenty miles. Around the whole island extends a belt of coral rock, broken only by a narrow passage large enough for the entrance of ships. This reef so breaks the force of the sea, that the space inclosed between it and the island is a safe and commodious harbor.

No hill on Wallis Island is more than four hundred feet high. The shore, in some places, is rocky and abrupt, but a fine sandy beach skirts nearly the whole island. A circular lake, a mile round, in the centre of the island, adds much to the natural beauty of the scenery, and is of great convenience to the natives for bathing, beside being, in times of drought, an unfailing resource of pure water. It

is not more than five feet deep, has a fine, sandy bottom, and, being protected from rude winds by many high trees upon its banks, has a clear, smooth surface. Numerous well-beaten paths lead to this favorite resort. One may apprehend little danger from beasts of prey, or noxious reptiles, for, as far as I learned, there are none upon the island.

Most of the tropical fruits and vegetables are here very plentifully produced, and in great perfection. A few fine tracts of land are cultivated, but, by the natives generally, little effort is made to reap the benefit of a very fertile soil, It is an evident mark of Providence, that in regions of excessive heat, where man can labor with less diligence and vigor than in temperate climates, nature should supply human wants with many spontaneous and highly nutritious fruits. The worth of the cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and plantain trees, in the islands of the Pacific, is truly beyond estimate.

The cocoa-nut tree is sometimes eighty feet high, though its average height is much less than that. The stem gradually diminishes in circumference as it ascends, the diameter of its uppermost part being about half that of the base. It has no branches or off-shoots, but from the extreme top spreads forth a beautiful crown of leaves, in the midst of which spring the tendrils on which the fruit grows. The leaves, which are very long, sometimes ten feet, are used by the natives in thatching their dwellings. From them also are made mats and baskets. Out of the fibres of the nut sennet is manufactured, which is good cordage for some purposes. From the shell drinking cups are constructed, some of which are highly polished and ornamented. From its kernel a valuable oil is extracted. The milk is a beverage nutritive and delicious. The trunk of the tree affords timber for the use of the natives. From

the cocoa-nuts that are imported, one can have but a fain notion of the richness of this fruit when newly ripe.

The bread-fruit tree is not unlike, in appearance, a large apple tree, though higher and more symmetrical in form. The leaves are from twelve to eighteen inches long, and contrast agreeably with the lighter colored fruit. From the wood of this tree the natives construct the frame-work of their houses; cloth is made from its bark. From its fair luxuriance of foliage, buds and fruit, this tree seems to delight, of its free, benevolent accord, to put forth, for the pleasure and sustenance of passers-by, its genial and healthful product.

The plaintain is rather a shrub than a tree, since it rarely exceeds ten feet in height. Its trunk, which is of herbaceous texture, is from six to eight inches thick at the surface of the earth, whence it tapers to the top. Its leaves are very large, of a silky appearance, and, being water-proof, are made by the natives into vessels for holding liquids, and are used, like umbrellas, as a defence against the sun and rain. The fruit is something like a cucumber in shape. Scattered over the island were thousands of these plaintain shrubs, whose golden fruit was accessible to all.

The climate of this island is delightful. Frosts are never known, and the sea-breezes moderate the heat of a tropical sun. The earth is always green, and the trees, at short intervals, renew their fruit.

Amid the pleasant valleys and gently rising hills of Wallis Island, could there be seen pasturing herds, well-cultivated fields, and smiling villages; and were the natives enjoying the blessings of civilized and Christian life, a happier and more lovely abode could hardly be found on earth.

The Wallis Islanders are tall and well-proportioned,

with a complexion more of an olive cast than is common in the South Pacific. The fashions of wearing their hair, which is black, and kept glossy by sweet-scented oils, vary as frequently as the modes of civilized nations. Sometimes it is shorn entirely off; at others a single tuft is allowed to remain upon the left temple; at others, still, it is shorn off one side of the head, and permitted to grow long on the other. Either of these methods is sufficiently ludicrous and singular.

The natives are hospitable, social, and peaceful in their manners. No civil broils disturb the tranquillity of the island, and few quarrels seem to mar the quietness of their domestic life. Wherever seen, at home or abroad, they show the same kindness and generosity of disposition. After seeing the natives of other islands, one is strangely impressed with a certain native refinement of feeling which seems to mark the inhabitants of this island.

When two friends meet, it is common for each to present to the other a piece of ava-root, accompanying the exchange, if they are men, with an affectionate "touching of noses;" or, if they are women, with gently spoken *alofas*, welcomes. In visiting, they evince great propriety and delicacy of deportment. If, when a visitor enters a neighbor's dwelling, he finds others present conversing together, he either retires in silence or remains seated till he receives the usual salutation, when a cheerful interview follows, during which, oftentimes, mutual gifts are bestowed. I noticed many visits while residing here, and in no instance did I perceive, in the tones of the voice, expression of the countenance, or manner of reception, any sign of discourtesy.

The children have features delicately formed, long, flowing hair, and sparkling eyes. It was painful to look upon their cheerful countenances, and lively, graceful

motions, and reflect that these boys and girls were without means of culture, and would soon take their parents' places, and be through life under the veil of superstition that now darkens this lovely island.

The dwellings of the natives are pretty well constructed. The roof, which is a sort of network of hurdles, of conical shape, and thatched with cocoa-nut leaves, is supported by four upright posts, placed in the corners of an area of ten or twelve square feet, and, projecting over, reaches to within three feet of the ground, thus affording a shelter from the rain and heat. There is an upper apartment, used as a store-house for clothes and provisions. A paling about a foot high nearly surrounds the building. The ground-floor is covered with mats made of the leaf of the cocoa-nut tree, over which are laid several layers of straw mats. These houses are incomparably superior to the wretched abodes of the New Zealanders and Fijiians, and are even better than the dwellings mainly occupied by the natives of the Society and Sandwich Islands.

From Lova Reua becoming king on the death of his father, an event which occurred shortly before our arrival, I inferred that the government is an hereditary monarchy. The king's authority, though supreme, was mildly exercised. Several high chiefs serve as the deputies of the king, in ruling certain districts allotted to them.

Lova Reua was about twenty-one years old, of graceful form, and very comely. His complexion was a beautiful olive; his jet black hair hung in curls over his head. His dress was the tapa, of white cloth, wound about his body just below the shoulders, and hanging to his feet. Strings of large blue beads were worn around his neck. Polygamy is allowed to him only. He had three wives, who were young and handsome.

The Wallis Islanders manufacture their cloth from the

bark of certain trees, in a manner similar to that of the Fijiians, although they wear it differently. The bark is beaten to the required breadth and thickness upon a large smooth beam, with mallets made of iron-wood, the sides of which are grooved of different sizes, so that the cloth may be made finer or coarser in appearance, as occasion demands.

Since there are no beasts of burden, the natives themselves convey goods from one part of the island to another. They become accustomed to bear great weight. I once found myself unable to lift to my shoulders a parcel which a lad was about to carry to a distant place. The burden, if very heavy, is fastened to the centre of a long pole, the ends of which rest on the shoulders of two men.

A disease here prevails which causes a great swelling of the limbs. It is, doubtless, of a scrofulous character, as such complaints are common, and is said to be caused by the excessive use of *ava*. I have seen persons so prostrated by this malady, that the slightest movement was a torture. I felt that I would have made any sacrifice, could I have afforded them relief.

Tattooing is practised here, as well as by other savages of these seas. The color is produced from burnt candle-nut, and resembles India ink. In the process are used two small sticks, at the end of one of which is a sort of comb, made of some hard substance, with which the skin is cut; and with the other the coloring matter is forced into the flesh. Various devices are thus impressed. The tattooed part, at a short distance, looks not unlike a tight garment, elaborately wrought. The females tattoo the flesh between the joints of the fingers, on the exterior of the hands. So great is the pain of tattooing, that none under twenty years of age undergo it; and but a small portion of the flesh can be tattooed at once, from six to twenty days being needed

for the whole process, according to the endurance of the patient, who is sometimes obliged to be held by four or five strong men. I have seen many persons dreadfully emaciated by this fashionable torture, from whose effects recovery is often very slow.

The natives learn to swim at a very early age. After bathing, they anoint their bodies with cocoa-nut oil.

One may observe upon the cheek-bones of many of these savages marks made by shells and stones, with which they beat their faces when friends or relatives die, I recollect seeing no adult who was not thus disfigured.

Lizards are here so numerous that hardly a habitation is without them. They are harmless, yet their fangs make them look disagreeably. Their capering over one's person arouses one from the sweetest sleep, as I many times experienced. I suspect that these reptiles are worshipped, as, when walking with my host, I have observed him to stop at seeing a lizard, and, with attention wholly abstracted from everything else, express himself as in performing religious duties at the temple. He may, indeed, have been pouring out imprecations for having been aroused from pleasant slumbers by one of the little crawler's officious kind.

Many beautiful birds charm the eye and the ear in the groves of the island. Paroquets, turtle-doves, herons, wood-peckers, gulls, peterels, plovers, and water-hens are common, besides many others of names not familiar to me. My shipmates amused themselves occasionally by gunning.

Land-crabs are found in great numbers along the shore, and also some way inland. Some of these are extremely large. They are highly valued as food. Rock-fish also abound, and when cooked in the style peculiar to this island, make a delicious repast. Sharks, too, are eaten by the natives.

For catching small fish, are used nets manufactured of cord made from the bark of the hibiscus, bread-fruit, and other trees. One edge of the net, which is very long and very narrow, is sunk by affixing to it small stones; the other is supported by floats. The natives endeavor to draw the net around the fish, so as to confine them within its circle. Vong Ouvie and myself, of a pleasant morning, have thus taken upwards of a hundred nice fish. Sharks are caught by means of spears of iron-wood, having barbed fish-bones on their points.

The capture of a shark is followed by a grand feast, to which guests are invited from far and near. The occasion is honored by the presence of the king, priests, and chiefs. The natives, seated cross-legged on the ground, form a circle, in the centre of which lies the shark, too large, like Domitian's turbot, for any dish that can be found. On each side, two or three feet distant, stand the captors of the fish, ready to complete their proud achievement by distributing the luxury. Facing the fish, sits his majesty, the master of the feast, and near him are the priests and chiefs. The ceremony begins with the drinking of ava. The chief-priest then makes a speech, fastening his eyes all the while intently upon the shark, which, next, without being cooked or seasoned, is cut up and dealt out in parcels to the assembled people. The manners of the Wallis Islanders, on their festive occasions, are so similar to those at the Fijii Islands, that I need say no more concerning them.

CHAPTER XIV.

Geevahlu—The residence of the priest—His character—Geelova, his wife—The mode of worship of the Wallis Islanders—Ceremonies connected with the death of a Native.

A few rods from the palace stood the house of Geevahlu, the principal chief, which differed from the rest in having a floor raised several feet from the ground, and steps before the door. This venerable chief had a kind heart, and was friendly to white men, as well as to his own people.

The dwelling of Vong Ouvie was larger than most others, and stood on an eminence outside the village, in the centre of a grove of fruit trees, that covered an acre in extent, and which, being interspersed with grass and gravelled walks, afforded a pleasant retreat from the burning sun. The side towards the sea was open, and the prospect of the island declining towards the shore, of the distant, circular sea-reef, of the beautiful bay that it inclosed, where nearly all the time the natives were moving about in their canoes, and of the wide ocean, further beyond, was highly interesting and delightful. A well-thatched roof, impervious to the rain, and a stout frame-work that could resist almost any tempest, rendered the house a comfortable abode, whilst, within doors, the layers of good, thick mats that covered the floor, and the tasteful arrangement of the rude household furniture, such as goblets and bowls of cocoa-nut shell for drinking and cooking, clean white tapas for dress, and matting pillows, attested the industry and neatness of the housewife.

Nearly five months I resided in the priest's family, and the remembrance of the kind treatment which I there received has ever excited my warmest gratitude. As

often as my fancy carries me back to their hospitable abode, I breathe the hope that Christian truth, with all its genial influences, may ere long shine as brightly upon that lovely island, as the sun that clothes it with such enchanting beauty.

Vong Ouvie, as he informed me, was a native of Manono, one of the Samoan Islands. He was apparently about forty years old. He was of cheerful disposition, and had great energy and decision of character. His face was strongly marked with intelligence, and his address was so graceful and persuasive as to win for him universal love and esteem. At home he was gentle and affectionate. At the feast and the dance he had a certain playfulness of manner which delighted all. His sprightly movements and witty remarks attracted loud applause. In the discharge of his official duties, his eloquence and earnest manner drew undivided attention, and he was frequently interrupted by marks of approbation. To my inquiries of the natives respecting him, was invariably returned the answer that he was "lelei—lelei—o-peit," good, very good.

Geelova, the wife of this priest, was of very amiable deportment, and of great kindness of heart. Her features were mild and agreeable; and her complexion was a fine, clear olive. She was the mother of four children, the eldest of whom was a girl of seven years, and the youngest was a babe. Over these she watched with constant solicitude, and she was like a mother to me. Once, as I lay ill, Vong Ouvie and Geelova stood beside me, bathing my head with cocoa-nut oil, and with maternal tenderness she expressed the wish that my mother might know where I was. She was herself wasting away with pulmonary disease. I had watched with deep emotion the progress of consumption in the hollow cheek, feeble voice, and dis-

tressing cough. During the last week of my residence with the family, Vong Ouvie, supposing his wife to be dying, awoke me and called me to her side. I felt her feeble pulse, wiped the cold sweat from her brow, and moistened her parched tongue with water. Though she might recover from that attack, I felt assured that she must soon die, and I was grieved to see her thus passing away from earth. She bore all her sufferings without repining, yet I longed to have her soul enlightened with that holy trust, which throws around the bed of the dying Christian such heavenly grace; and the earnest prayer was wrung from me, that God would be merciful to this poor heathen woman.

For more than four months I was almost daily an observer of the religious ceremonies of the Wallis Islanders. As soon as day began to break, Vong Ouvie and myself repaired to the temple, where the natives devote two hours of every morning to their public worship. From what I could understand of the speech, and from what was told me by my shipmate, F——, who knew the language better than I, I inferred that they had "lords many and gods many." The Avahlu, or temple, held about two hundred persons. Three sides of it being partially open, the women, and all who came too late to enter the building, seated themselves outside. The fourth side was a partition, which separated the public hall from the apartments of the priestess, who alone of all the women is allowed to enter the temple. Against this partition sat the king and priestess. On the right sat the chiefs of the island and my companions of the Glide. The priest seated me with himself on the left. The remaining space was occupied by the natives generally. Placed upon a tripod, in the centre of the apartment, was a bowl, of very hard wood, large enough to hold several gallons, elegantly polished,

and of a mahogany color. This bowl was full of *ava*, that had been previously prepared, and which was distributed in cocoa-nut goblets to all present. The floor, as usual, was covered with layers of mats. Projecting from the side, directly over the head of the priest, was a large spear, highly polished, that was sometimes used during the ceremonies. Perfect stillness pervaded the assembly, as the priest addressed them, at intervals drinking copiously of *ava*. All who entered after the commencement of the service, walked in without noise, reverently inclining their heads, and quietly took their seats; a deportment truly becoming, and not unworthy of imitation.

The presentation of the liquor to the priest is very singular. The cup-bearer, with his head bent forward, walks towards him, holding the goblet, which is full to the brim, very carefully, that none of its precious contents may be spilled. The priest extends his hand, with the thumb and fore-finger so disposed as just to hold the cup, which is very ceremoniously placed by the bearer into the cavity prepared for it, when the priest, slowly crooking his elbow, reverentially raises the cup to his mouth, and swallows the delectable liquor. The loudest applause follows this act. If he be not quite ready to receive the cup, the bearer waits before him, with knees bent, holding out the cup, till his reverence sees fit to take it. If the priest be wholly unprepared for the draught, he makes a feint of taking the cup, but, instead of doing so, dashes it away with great force, so as to send it rolling over upon the floor, scattering the sacred liquor in all directions. The harder the blow is given, the louder is it applauded.

During his address, the attention of the priest is apparently abstracted from every object and every person, although meanwhile, like many people who are inclined to abstraction, he may know very well all that is done. Once,

while I was sitting by his side, he gave me, during a sudden paroxysm of eloquence, an unintentional, but severe blow upon the side of my head, from which I did not recover during the day. Fearing a repetition, I reminded him gently of what he had done. He took not the slightest notice of me, and offered no excuse. I thought that it was very strange that he should be unconscious of having struck me. At the conclusion of his harangue he turned towards me—his eyes full of tears, apologized in humblest terms for the unmeant injury, and rubbed his nose against mine with warmest affection.

In one of his harangues he appeared to be in a perfect frenzy. His eyes glanced wildly about; his voice grew louder and louder; and, seizing the spear that was above his head, he hurled it upward, nearly through the thatched roof of the building. Loud applause, of course, followed. His descent from this climax of fury was beautiful. His voice slowly became smoother, his hands fell gracefully at his side, and his dark eyes glowed less brightly, indeed, but with a more benignant expression. He then called for ava, and, having drunk it, concluded the ceremonies. On our way home I inquired of him why he threw the spear; and from his reply inferred that he did so to expel the evil spirit from the building.

The priestess of the island, (not the wife of Vong Ouvie,) who resided in an apartment of the Avahlu, was, to appearance, about forty years of age, and of moderate personal comeliness. She was much respected by the natives, who regarded her sayings as oracular. When she officiated, she was distinguished from the other women by an additional quantity of cloth, and a profusion of necklaces of leaves. She sat on a small, square platform, raised a few inches from the floor, which was always curiously adorned with various leaves and flowers.

I have frequently heard this woman address the people for hours, in the most singular manner. Sometimes her whole frame shook with excitement, and her face became unnaturally severe. Once, in her fanatical rage, she rushed from the Avahlu to the sea, followed by the natives to the beach, and, having waded some distance into the water, addressed the ocean with many fantastic gestures; and then turning towards the people on shore, addressed them also, but so rapidly, that I could not distinguish a word of her discourse. Having performed these duties, she slowly and cheerfully retired to the temple, and concluded the ceremony with the usual draught of ava.

Whether this woman ventured to speak in public through some mysterious sympathy with certain female orators of our day and country, I will not pretend to say. It is, indeed, to be lamented that she should have so obscure a sphere of action as Wallis Island. But, alas!

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air;"

and many an aged spinster, capable of superintending an intelligent community of Transcendental Shakers in our enlightened land, may be found, almost wholly unknown to fame, upon the dark and distant islands of the ocean.

The Wallis Islanders surpass most other savages of the Pacific, not excepting the inhabitants of the Sandwich and Society Islands, in respect of natural endowments; and their worship, accordingly, is, doubtless, of a higher order than is usual in these seas, save where Christianity has been introduced.

Among the daily visitors at Vong Ouvie's house was a young native of one of the Samoan Islands, who had been living on Wallis Island nearly a year before my arrival.

He talked a little broken English, with which he gave me some information about his countrymen. He showed much interest in the faith of the Americans, for, not long before he left home, a missionary had brought thither a new religion. He often spoke of Christ and God, and, pointing upwards, asked where they lived; if they were like the white man; and what interest they took in human affairs. He inquired, also, if our houses of worship were as large as the Avahlu, and were thatched with cocoa-nut leaves; if we attended worship as early in the morning as they did; if our priests drank ava; and whether we had any priestesses. When told of the size of our churches, and of their mode of construction, he manifested strong desires to go to America. During an acquaintance of five months, I found him to be very intelligent and kindly disposed.

When a death occurs, it is usual to inflict severe tortures upon the body. On one occasion, when the king and several chiefs were drinking *ava* at the house of Vong Ouvie, a messenger brought news of the death of a native. The company expressed the wildest grief, and beat their heads and cheeks with stones, shells, and pieces of wood. Some of the women present bit pieces of flesh from their arms. The priest seized a hatchet, and inflicted several severe wounds upon the top of his head. At every blow, a fresh current of blood flowed down his face. Though almost paralyzed by the dreadful spectacle, I strove repeatedly to wrest the instrument from the hands of Vong Ouvie, but, each time, I was repulsed by the king. The self-torture continued several minutes; and then the natives, becoming more tranquil, resumed drinking, and at intervals, as I judged, lauded the deceased.

On the following day the interment took place. I accompanied Vong Ouvie to the house of mourning. The

demeanor of the natives, as they met from different parts of the island at the late abode of the deceased, was subdued and thoughtful. Their faces, indeed, bore recent scars, but their passionate grief had given place to a gentle sadness, which better became the solemn occasion. It did not, however, endure long.

Ava was first drunk, and then the priest ordered a libation of a full goblet, in honor of the deceased. The cupbearer advanced to the house, pouring out the *ava* as he walked. Next came the presentation of various gifts by the company to each other. An address from the priest followed, after which, the dreadful lamentations and tortures were renewed. The natives went towards the deceased, wailing aloud, and gashing their faces.

The burial-ground of Wallis Island is an artificial mound of earth, nearly three feet high, and covering an area of fifty square rods. It is sustained by a well-constructed wall, and is situated by a large grove of fruit trees, near a beautiful inlet of the sea. In the centre of the ground is a large building that covers tumuli of the dead, perhaps of kings and chiefs. No strangers are permitted to enter this sacred inclosure. Here sleep generation after generation of this rude people, who passed, in mysterious darkness, through the gates of death. To this place the corpse was conveyed, accompanied by a long procession of men and women, whose loud lamentations had ceased. Each person bore in one hand a little basket of clean sand, and in the other bunches of leaves and flowers. A dirge was sung, first by the women, then by the men, afterwards by all together. The procession slowly and softly moved around the newly made grave, and each couple, as it passed, threw the sand from the baskets lightly over the deceased; and then strewed over that the leaves and flowers.

The natives reassembled at the house, where a sumptu-

ous feast was prepared. In the evening was held the funeral dance. On the next day the immediate mourners shaved the hair entirely off their heads, and thus ended "the signs of woe."

CHAPTER XV.

A Dance—Amusing incidents—Geevahlu—A speech—Mock-fights—Industry—Canoes—Method of procuring fire—Language—Vong Ouvie—An attempt in the tailoring art.

I frequently accompanied Vong Ouvie to the *huru-huru*, or dance, having previously had my hair and dress arranged by him in the mode. The building where the dance was held was, like most of the others, conical and circular in form. An easy floor for the dancers, and good seats for the spectators were made by mats. In the centre were the musicians, who, with simple instruments, made of joints of bamboo, of different sizes, placed together, and struck vertically upon the floor, or held in the hand, and beaten with other pieces of the same material, produced not disagreeable music.

The dancers occupied the circular space between the musicians and the spectators. They displayed as much emulation about the richness and beauty of their dress, their personal comeliness, their garlands of flowers, profusion of perfumed oil, and gracefulness of motion, as may be observed in more splendid saloons. Above the sound of shuffling feet, of music, and of clapping hands, were now and then heard the voices of the leaders, directing the dance, as they flourished their arms in perfect time with the music, put all their muscles in motion, cracking with

great glee the joints of their fingers, and animating the whole scene by their vivacity and skill.

During the intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes that occurred between the dances, some individual went about, amusing the company with his good-natured sarcasms upon one of the dancers, and cries of "Mareir," "Lelei," "Lelei-o-peit," *well done*, *good*, *very good*, resounded from every side. The person to whom allusion was made next arose, and endeavored, by brilliancy of repartee, to turn the current in his favor. Another still arose, who sought to make peace between the parties. The ingenuity with which he opposed a vice of one against a virtue of the other, and the converse, gained for him tumultuous approbation. Thus almost every person had occasion to play, in his turn, the parts of accuser, defendant, and peacemaker; and, with alternate dancing and speeches, the entertainment continued till morning.

The venerable Geevahlu frequently led the dance with almost youthful sprightliness. He inclined his whole body, first to the left, with arms extended, while all his fingers were quivering, and their joints cracking, his long hair was thrown over his left temple, his eyes were distended, and turned in the same direction; then, still vigorously dancing, he tossed to the right his arms, his hair, and his eyes; and thus, with elbows forming all sorts of angles in apparently the same moment, with his gray locks streaming every way by turns, his countenance every moment changing expression, and talking all the while with unbounded glee, may be imagined this truly veteran dancer.

The priest so importuned me for a speech, that, though I knew not what to say, I felt not free to deny the request. I hope that I may be excused for myself reporting, in parliamentary style, my speech, which, as far as I can recol-

lect, was as follows:—"I am much pleased with Wallis Island, (cheers.) It is one of the finest islands in the Pacific, (hear, hear.) I like to see you so united and happy, (cheers.) I like your feasts, (great cheering.) I thank you for your kindness to the white man." (The orator here seated himself in the midst of a tempest of applause, which sensibly affected him.)

They engage also in mock-fights. Two parties approach each other, arrayed in warlike costume, and brandishing their clubs with the dexterity and zeal of real combatants. They seemed to be highly pleased with the diversion, and I never observed their showing any ill-humor.

The people are good singers. I have often heard their clear, sweet voices chanting their rude songs, one of which, in praise of Maninni, had a pleasant effect.

When severer labors require not their attention, they employ themselves in making sennit, or braid, for fastening together the frame-work of their dwellings, and for purposes of ornament. In visiting from house to house, they take with them a parcel of cocoa-nut fibres, and with their favorite employment and *ava*, pass the time as socially as did the women of New England in old times, with their knitting-work and tea. Their organs of speech, on these occasions, are so busy, that the labor of the hands is almost unconsciously performed.

I have seen them employed, also, in manufacturing rope from the bark of a certain tree, by means of winches, not unlike those used in vessels. They may be seen planting yams, setting down poles for creeping vines, trimming and transplanting fruit trees, repairing fences, and variously occupied about their lands. They are indeed, rather an industrious people.

The small canoes of the Wallis Islanders, being chiefly used for sailing about the harbor, which is seldom much

disturbed, have no out-riggers, like those attached to the canoes of the Fijiians. Their double canoes, the great labor of constructing which renders them very valuable in the view of the natives, hold each about a hundred persons, and ply between Wallis Island and the Navigator Group. They are kept housed upon the beach, until occasion calls for them. These large canoes explain what often surprises people who visit the islands of the Pacific, how one may find savages of one group upon another, perhaps two or three hundred miles away.

The women of Wallis Island are in a condition less degraded than those of the Fijii Islands. They employ themselves about domestic duties, though the cooking* devolves upon the men.

Fire is obtained by rubbing the point of a piece of hard wood briskly upon a piece of soft wood, grooved for the purpose. In a minute or two the wood-dust takes fire, and a little moss, or other dry substance, being applied, a flame is produced. The process is simple, but difficult to unpractised hands.

Between the languages of Wallis Island and the Sandwich Islands there is a striking similarity, which is not found between those of the former and the Fijiis, except in the numerals, which are very similar. The mode of computation is simple; indeed, they need no other. The digits are repeated after the number ten, as one ten, two tens, &c.

From what has been said before, will be easily understood how valuable to me was the friendship of Vong Ouvie. By reason of that beautiful sentiment, to be found in the savage as well as in the enlightened mind, which draws towards the associates of one who is beloved the

* This is done in a house having several ovens, which are used by the families in the vicinity.

same respect with which he himself is regarded, I was treated with affecting courtesy, whenever, in his company, I met parties of the natives. They kindly greeted us, and, if they had with them baskets of food, invited us to partake of the luxury, and stooped beside our way until we had passed.

One day, a servant of Vong Ouvie brought to me a few yards of nankeen, which he had obtained from some ship, and earnestly desired that I would make for him a pair of trousers. He had conferred upon me many kindnesses, and I was not, therefore, disposed to deny his request. He brought me a baked pig, and several baskets of yams and cocoa-nuts. Beside my want of skill in the tailor's art, I was ill provided with the proper implements, having a jacknife only, with a darning-needle,—and for thread, the fibres of some bark. Having taken the measure of my friend, who was the largest man on the island, I seated myself upon the ground in regular style, and began my work, while the natives gathered about me, and expressed great approbation of what appeared to them to be my superior skill. Before night, by great industry, I succeeded in finishing the trousers, and early on the following morning my patron called for them, bringing with him, as additional remuneration, bread-fruit and plaintains in abundance. Manifesting most intense joy at being able, at length, to gratify his favorite wish of dressing like the *papalangis*, he doffed his native cloth and began putting on the trousers, and, after half an hour of patient exertion, happily succeeded. In truth, they were too small every way, and so weak was the thread, and so eager was my friend to exercise himself in his new dress, that they were hardly on before they were off. Mortified by my ill success, especially as my patron, not knowing that, according to the manners of civilized communities, which he so desired to

imitate, it is not fashionable to pay the tailor before-hand, had rewarded me so liberally in advance, I carried the trousers to one of the crew, who lived with the king, and he repaired them to the satisfaction of my employer; and thus I saved my credit.

Thus, in witnessing the religious ceremonies of the people at their public temple, in being present at feasts and dances, in roaming about the country, climbing the cocoanut trees for fruit, in mutual visits of us shipwrecked men to each other, to talk of home and friends, and of the happy day, which we hoped would come, that should find us on board some vessel bound to our native land, passed our time upon Wallis Island.

CHAPTER XVI.

A vessel in sight, which proves to be an American ship—Go on board—Kindness of her officers and crew—Bid farewell to Voug Ouvie—Arrival of the Chinchilla—An English whale-ship—A seaman's tale—The Harriet—An American brig.

One pleasant morning, as I was sitting in the avahlu, the old chief Geevahlu came and informed me that a vessel was to be seen. I left the building, and descried the dim outline of a ship in the distance. I ran nearly three miles to the part of the shore nearest the only entrance to the harbor, and, on reaching it, beheld the ship, with American colors, approaching the island. I seated myself in weariness upon a tuft of shaded grass, and enjoyed the glad sight, which seemed to be an ample recompense for all past misfortune. For five months my shipmates and myself had eagerly watched the horizon for that which

now greeted my eyes. Hopes of again reaching my native land were excited within me, and I almost fancied that, through some mysterious influence, our friends had become aware of the encouraging prospect. The necessity of conforming, in many respects, to the manners of the natives, made us, beside other reasons, desirous of leaving the island. The ship had now cast anchor, but, anxious as I was to go immediately on board, the difficulty of procuring a canoe, and my desire to inform my shipmates of the arrival, determined me to return to the village.

At an early hour next morning, having exchanged my *tapa* for my only suit, a pair of nankeen trousers, I went down to the shore, with two shipmates. After endeavoring for some time in vain to procure a canoe, my companions determined to wait for a better opportunity of going aboard, and returned. I stayed behind, and at length procured a canoe, and several young natives to convey me to the vessel, two miles off. We had gone about a mile, when, through the carelessness of the boys, the canoe was upset, and we were thrown into the sea. We were good swimmers, and soon turned the canoe over, and baled her out. The frequency of sharks, however, in the harbor, made our situation for a time somewhat perilous. We at length reached the ship, which was the Braganza, Captain Wood, of New Bedford. No introduction of myself was needed, for, to my joy, the first officer of the Glide, and Captain Brown of the Niagara, were aboard. My situation was presently made known to the officers of the cabin and steerage, by Mr. Ridington, one of the boat-steerers, and I was generously supplied with various articles of apparel. The foremast hands, afterwards, made me many presents. The old cook was determined not to be outdone in liberality, and insisted upon my accepting the best suit that he owned. There was no want of what everywhere distin-

guishes the sailor, kind treatment of others in distress. I shall ever feel grateful for the kindness then showed me; and I hope sincerely that they who so benevolently aided me may never need a like return, or, if they do, that they may find friends as ready as they were to me.

Towards night a boat was sent ashore for my two shipmates, who presently came off to the ship. Hopes of a speedy return home animated all our movements and conversation. The officers and crew of the Braganza appeared, by sympathy, to be as happy as ourselves.

By the ship's officers we were kindly furnished with some American papers, relating, with other events, the Salem tragedy. I had seen no papers for two years and a half, and read these over and over again, with intensest interest. I seemed to be transported to a new world, although, in truth, the dreadful event to which I have alluded, painfully proved that among other than savage nations may sometimes occur instances of inhumanity.

A few days previously to the sailing of the Braganza, I went ashore with one of the crew, to bid farewell to my friends upon the island. The officers and men were so much impressed with the kindness with which I had been treated, of which I gave them a faithful account, that I went over the ship's side laden with beads, knives, scissors and handkerchiefs, for presents. When we arrived upon shore, we hastened to the abode of Vong Ouvie, who soon recognized me, notwithstanding my change of dress, threw his arms about my neck, rubbed his nose against mine, and repeated "Maitai, maitai," *good friend, good friend*, while tears coursed down his face. The children greeted me with "Alofa, alofa," *welcome, welcome*. Geelova was reclining upon the floor, resting her head upon mats. She was very weak, yet, as I approached, she looked up with a sweet expression into my face, saying, "Alofa,

maitai," and extended towards me her emaciated hand, which I took and bathed with my tears. The expression of my feeling I had endeavored to restrain, but the scene overcame my resolution, and I gave over all effort at concealment. My companion also was deeply affected. Feeling it needful to return soon to the ship, I distributed my presents and left the house, not without wishing that God would bless its inmates, who had relieved the stranger with their Samaritan hospitality.

Shortly after going aboard I was informed by Mr. Ridington of his determination to reside a few months upon the island, on account of the state of his health, which he hoped to benefit by a change in his mode of life. No argument of mine could dissuade him from his purpose, and, at his request, I furnished him with a few Wallis Island words and their translation. The next morning he left the ship. Mr. Ridington was a native of New Bedford. He had sailed in a whale-ship from the United States, but was obliged to leave her, on account of ill health, when she arrived at the Sandwich Islands. Having been somewhat restored, he obtained the berth of boat-steerer on board the Braganza, when she came to Oahu; but his illness soon returned. He was apparently thirty years of age, and an unassuming man.

Our anxiety respecting the fate of Captain Meek, who when we came to Wallis Island in the Harriet, sailed thence in the brig Chinchilla, intending to return in a few weeks and convey us to the Sandwich Islands, was happily relieved by the arrival of the brig from the Fijiis, on the day before the ship sailed. She was about to sail again to the Fijiis, and thence to Oahu. The prospect of more easily procuring a homeward passage induced two of our crew, beside myself, to change our berths to the brig,

while Captain Brown of the Niagara, and the rest of the crew, remained in the ship.

A few days after the ship sailed, a whale-ship, called I think, the Pusey Hall, anchored in the harbor. I went on board to ascertain her destination. Her appearance was in strong contrast to the cleanliness and conveniences of the Braganza. She surpassed, however, our American whalers in being provided with a physician. Observation has compelled me to wish that such praiseworthy regard for life might be generally imitated.

The crew of the Chinchilla frequently visited the ship, which had just returned from the whaling-ground. Her crew were in good spirits, and spun yarns of any required length and toughness. One of the men related a remarkable incident respecting himself. He was in a boat with others, and about harpooning a whale, when he lost his balance and fell into the sea. The whale, disposed to help a fellow-creature in distress, seized him feet foremost, and went below the surface. He soon reäppeared, gave up his hold of the unfortunate man, who was then rescued by the men in the boat. The prints of the whale's teeth upon his chest and back were the only injury that he received. Finding me slow of belief, he bared his breast, and showed me, certainly, some very large scars. Of course I had nothing more to say, and merely repeat the narration for the benefit of others.

The schooner Harriet, Captain Young, arrived about the same time from the Marian Islands, after four months' absence. On board were several of the Glide's men, whom we were rejoiced to see. Captain Young was about to sail for the Sandwich Islands. Not long afterwards, a small brig, named the Christopher Burdet, (or Burdick,) belonging to New York, arrived. Two of our crew, H. Ramsdell and H. Shaw, shipped in this vessel. The

brig had been cruising about the neighboring groups for tortoise shell and other articles. She was poorly supplied with ground tackling, so that, while she was in the harbor, a moderate breeze, together with the current, caused her to drag her anchors towards the reef, and she was twice relieved from her perilous position by boats from the other vessels. Of the fate of this vessel I have never heard. On my return to America, young Ramsdell had not been home. Whether Shaw has ever returned or not. I have never been able to ascertain.

CHAPTER XVII.

George Maninni—His disposition—Establishes himself upon Wallis Island—Trades with the Natives—Difficulties—An attack by the Islanders—Retaliation—A fortification erected by the Natives—A conflict—Death of Ridington—Depredations of Maninni

I have frequently mentioned the name of George Maninni, but it is proper here to give a more particular account of him. His father was a native of Spain, but in early manhood he removed to the Sandwich Islands, where he married a woman of high rank, and ultimately became a wealthy merchant. George was their son. He was a tall and well-proportioned man, with black hair and black eyes. His face was full of intelligence and spirit. At an early age he applied himself to navigation, and through his perseverance, aided by his father's influence, became the master of a fine vessel, which sailed out of Oahu.

Many anecdotes were told me by those who had long known him, to illustrate his determined disposition. Once, finding the natives, at one of the Fijiis, reluctant to pro-

vision his ship, he dexterously secured the person of the principal chief, and by threatening to hang him up at the main yard-arm, soon brought the savages to terms, and provisions to his ship. At another time he prepared to fire upon one of the villages, and doubtless would have done so, had not provisions been carried aboard within a reasonable time.

Maninni afterwards became a partner in a mercantile house at Honolulu, by whom were owned the Chinchilla and the Harriet, the crews of whom were chiefly Kanakas, but three or four American seamen belonging to each. The cook and steward of the Chinchilla were Chinese. Maninni acted as trading-master.

Towards the end of the year 1829, Maninni, being pleased with the advantages of Wallis Island, as a stopping place during his cruises among the various groups, and being desirous, also, to open a trade in beche-de-la-mer with the natives, obtained permission to occupy with his buildings a tract of the small island, which has been before described. The ease of conducting trade, and the security of the harbor, made this position very favorable to the interests of Maninni.

The necessary buildings, a spacious store-house, a batter-house for curing beche-de-la-mer, a dwelling-house for Maninni and his Kanakas, besides several smaller buildings for Karkalli, the chief of the small island, and the other natives in the immediate employment of Maninni, were soon erected upon the ceded territory. A brisk trade in beche-de-la-mer was commenced. The natives were encouraged by Maninni's liberality, and by the hope of deriving great benefit from his permanent residence among them, and were very industrious. *Kaitangas* and *kuru-kuru* (feasts and dances) were held in honor of Maninni; and his praises were chanted by old and young, by

fathers and mothers, as they paddled their canoes to the sea-reef for beche-de-la-mer, and sought the fish amongst the coral, and by mothers and daughters as they engaged with new zeal in their household duties. Apparently an auspicious era in the history of this solitary island had begun.

The beche-de-la-mer, however, soon became so scarce, that the trade in it was necessarily suspended. Otherwise, affairs continued prosperously for many weeks after our arrival at the island. The Chinchilla and Harriet made several successful trips to and from the neighboring groups. The amicable relations of Maninni and the natives were not yet disturbed.

During Maninni's last voyage to the Fijiis in the Chinchilla, which sailed three or four weeks after the arrival of the Harriet, some natives, supposing, probably, that his vessel had suffered the same fate as the Glide and the Niagara, eluded the vigilance of Maninni's clerk, broke into the store-house, and stole some valuable property. From this event hostilities may be said to have begun.

After a protracted voyage, the Chinchilla arrived. Maninni, when informed of the robbery, sent for the king, to inform him what he knew of the affair. He was determined to recover the property and punish the transgressors.

The next morning, Lova Reua, attended by the venerable Geevahlu, the priest Vong Ouvie, and about fifty natives, came over in canoes from the main island, to consult Maninni about the alleged theft. They seated themselves before his residence in a semi-circle, whilst he himself, dressed in rich broadcloth, and with a splendid sword hanging at his side, sat at the entrance in a cushioned chair, proudly waiting for apology and concession. After the drinking of ava, and the formal presentation to Maninni of mats, native cloth, ava-root, and other articles, the con-

sultation was held, and resulted in the guaranty of the king to have the stolen property restored, and the offenders punished at Maninni's discretion.

Whether the king's promise was faithfully kept or not, I cannot say. A few days after the interview, a change was evident in the conduct of both parties. Maninni and his Kanakas, conscious of their superior power, were stern and arbitrary, and suspicions of Maninni's intentions were manifested by the natives.

One evening a numerous party of natives from the main island assembled in a large building, not far from Maninni's premises, for a dance, which commenced soon after sunset. Several Kanakas shared in the merriment. Late at night, a Kanaka overheard enough to satisfy him that an attack was premeditated against the establishment. He hurried away to his master's apartment, and gave the alarm.

Instantly the grounds, before disturbed only by the "all 's well" of the sentry, were full of armed men. Captain Meek, who, with myself, was residing in one of Maninni's buildings, rushed to the beach, and hailed the Chinchilla, which was within a short distance of the shore, informed the first officer that trouble was near, and ordered him to call all hands, and to put the brig in her best defence.

I was lying in my berth in the batter-house, much indisposed by a painful ulcer upon my foot, when the alarm was given. I seized my musket and limped to Maninni's apartment. On my entrance, Captain Meek desired me to sit by the window, to oversee the movements of the natives. They had torches in their hands, and I expressed my fear that they were about to set fire to the building. A high wind was blowing directly upon it, and would soon have wrapped it in flames. Maninni was greatly excited,

and ordered some of the Kanakas to guard carefully against fire, while others were loading the cannon and muskets. The building resembled a garrison. Thus, amid the clashing of arms, and the hurried steps of the Kanakas, as they came and went at Maninni's command, I found myself armed, and watching as an enemy those with whom I had associated as a friend, and of whose hospitalities I had often partaken. My spirits were much depressed. The ulcer was so inflamed that I feared mortification, or the amputation of the limb. A tempest was howling outside, the waves were dashing rudely against the beach, the yells of the natives startled the air, and the glare of their torches in the deep darkness "made night hideous."

The natives, finding us prepared for vigorous resistance, refrained from firing the building, and by day-break embarked for the main island. Thus ended a plot, which, had it not been seasonably discovered, would probably have resulted in the death of every foreigner upon the island.

Maninni, tired with using mild measures to restrain the savages from despoiling his property, and otherwise disturbing his peace, was now fully determined upon retaliation. His evident aim was to coerce the natives into unreserved submission to his authority. A system of plunder, by way of reprisals, was commenced. The Kanakas felled trees upon the main island without the consent of the natives, and seized and brought to Maninni's establishment provisions of every kind. Many canoes, also, were destroyed.

The islanders, meanwhile, were not inactive. The stranger, whose praises they had recently sung, was now endeavoring to subject them to his will; and they were evidently determined to resist, if possible, his purpose.

The king's district was fortified, and every native stood ready to defend his country.

It was high noon, on a fair day, when the surface of the harbor was hardly broken by a ripple, and the whole scene was peaceful and happy, that Maninni, having completed his plan of attack, accompanied by his Kanakas, Karkalli, and the other natives in his service, embarked for the main island. In their wake were two boats filled by some of the officers and crew of the Pusey Hall, who attended, nominally, as spectators of the conflict. My feelings were deeply moved, and I expressed them unreservedly to those who were near me, as I watched from the forecastle of the Chinchilla the hostile little fleet, until a projecting headland hid it from my sight.*

With Maninni at their head, the invaders at length landed, and advanced towards the fortification, behind which were the natives. The boats of the Pusey Hall remained at a distance from the shore. Many dark forms were hurrying to and fro in the wildest manner, whilst the aged and infirm, the mothers and children, were watching the contest from the neighboring highlands.

As soon as Maninni came within a few paces of the fortification built around the king's house, a young and slender American, worn down by long illness, but now nerved, as it were, with unnatural strength for the exciting occasion, stepped forth unarmed to meet Maninni, and, in the king's behalf, expressed a desire to prevent the effusion of blood. He respectfully and firmly offered terms of reconciliation. They were scornfully rejected, and in a moment more, shot through the head by Maninni, and through

* The particulars of this contest were communicated to me, on the next day, by persons whose correctness of knowledge about the matter cannot reasonably be questioned.

the heart by the furious Kanakas, Ridington fell dead at the feet of his murderers.

Maninni's party advanced still nearer, with all their implements of war. The roar of cannon and musketry for the first time, doubtless, resounded through this island, which could not have been more beautiful, had it been expressly created for the abode of peace and contentment. Maninni's impetuosity was not in the least checked, until two of his party, an African and a Kanaka, were severely wounded. The aged and patriotic Geevahlu sallied forth from the enclosure with some brave companions. The onset was terrific. The superiority of fire-arms to clubs and spears, which was seen in the fall of many of the king's men, caused the party of natives to retreat, followed by Maninni with a drawn sword, and his Kanakas with charged bayonets. Both parties were now within the enclosure, and a close and desperate engagement took place, with alternate victory. At length Maninni expelled the natives from the fort, and, having now gained their stronghold, and the king's palace, was in fact, the chief of the island, through which he and his men made their way, marking their progress with plunder and fire. At about eight o'clock in the evening, Maninni returned to the island, with his canoes deeply laden with goods taken from the conquered natives.

The killing of Ridington must be regarded as unwarrantable. Reports, indeed, were circulated by Maninni's Kanakas, that Ridington disapproved of Maninni's ascendency over the island; that he was assisting the natives about their fortification, and that he was resolved to stand by the natives in resisting the encroachments of Maninni. I know not whether these reports were true. Tyranny is always suspicious, and there was evidently a desire to rid the island of this young man, who was residing with the

king, and might in some way retard Maninni's domination. His conduct, when Maninni approached the fort, was certainly heroical, and deserves to be honorably mentioned. He relied upon the good faith of Maninni, but his confidence was misplaced. The smallest and most obscure spot on the globe is large enough for the display of magnanimity, and this virtue is of brightest lustre when shown under circumstances least likely ever to be known to the world. As much courage may be manifested in mediating for peace, as in leading forth armies to battle. Ridington died a brave peace-maker. Without doubt many a tear of gratitude was shed by the natives, as they bore him to their lovely burial-ground, and many a word was kindly spoken of his devotion to their cause.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Result of Maninni's conquest—Vong Ouvie—The Chinchilla sails—Soma-Soma—Perilous position of the brig—Return to Wallis Island—Maninni's fate—Final departure from Wallis Island.

The misery occasioned by Maninni's supremacy was very great. The pride of the islanders was humbled, and their peace ruined by a foreign foe, whom they had received as a friend. They assembled not, as before, at the feast and the dance, but only to weep and wail aloud, and inflict upon themselves dreadful tortures. As they conveyed the bodies of their friends slain to their rural burying-place, grief was in all their hearts.

I visited Maninni's grounds for the last time on the morning of the Chinchilla's departure. Scores of natives from the main island were constructing a fortification,

while Maninni himself and his Kanakas, armed with pistols and muskets, were superintending the work. One of the natives looked like the priest Vong Ouvie. I approached nearer, and saw that it was he. As soon as he observed me, he threw down his shovel, and, reckless of consequences, rushed towards me, and threw his arms about my neck with extreme affection. His face would have told me, had he not spoken a word, that he was an unwilling laborer. I saw also, with unutterable sorrow, the aged Geevahlu degraded to the service of a menial. The boat's crew being now summoned to go off to the vessel, I hastily threw a string of beads about Vong Ouvie's neck, and departed, heartily wishing that this generous man might one day become a priest of the Most High, when some messenger of peace, and not a merciless destroyer, should visit this lovely island, and pronounce to its people the words of life, and not of death.

The Chinchilla sailed away from Wallis Island, and, after three days' pleasant passage, arrived at Soma-Soma, one of the Fijiis. Here we found the steward of the Glide, and several Kanakas, whom Maninni had left, some weeks before, upon the island, to take care of his buildings.

The natives of Soma-Soma are very numerous, and nearly as brave as those of Bou; but they have not equal grace and cleanliness. It is very necessary, at this island, to have boarding-nettings constantly triced up, to have guns ready for use, and not to allow but two or three savages on board at a time. Many lives and much property have been lost here through the want of due precaution.

A few days before our arrival, a sanguinary conflict took place between the natives of Soma-Soma and a tribe of the Island of Tacanova, a large number of whom were captured. The ovens of Soma-Soma were yet warm with

cannibal fires, and the grounds about them were strewn with human bones.

With one of the crew of the Chinchilla, I ascended a high hill, to visit the Boore, which was built near the summit, and commanded an extensive view. The building was similar in structure to that at Bonne Rarah. Fastened to it upon the outside, by sticks of bamboo, a foot long, were thirty fingers, memorials of the recent dreadful carnage and revolting feast. Within were two blocks of wood, covered with sennit and cloth, which, we were told, were "kalans," or idols.

It was declared in my hearing by a chief, that the natives had conspired to destroy Maninni, should he return to the Fijiis. Had Maninni come to this island with us, we should undoubtedly have been involved in a common massacre.

The second week after our arrival, we encountered a severe storm. The Chinchilla, despite our utmost efforts, was dragging her anchors towards a dangerous reef; and hundreds of natives were gathered upon the beach, frantic with joy at the expected wreck. The larboard chain-cable parted, and our progress towards the reef was accelerated. The occasion was full of dismay. The thought of being probably again wrecked at the Fijiis chilled my blood. The first officer was aloft, and presently exclaimed, "*A passage between the reefs!*" "*For God's sake, cut the cable!*" cried the captain, and with one blow of the axe, it thundered through the hawse-hole. He then sprang to the helm, and directed the vessel towards the passage. He ordered the second officer to provide each man with a whale's tooth, as a ransom for life, should we fall into the hands of the savages. On the forecastle, the boom, and the jib-boom, were the crew, silently and earnestly watching the venerable captain, who, with white locks stream

ing in the wind, stood undaunted by the imminent peril, and guided the helm with perfect presence of mind. Ahead was the narrow channel, hardly discernible on account of the foaming breakers on each side. Above, the clouds were pressing on in black and massive columns. Amidst the tumult of winds and waves were heard the confused yells of the savages, as they hurried along the beach, with war-clubs across their shoulders, endeavoring to keep pace with the vessel, as she drew nearer the intricate passage. The Chinchilla, as if conscious of taking the only alternative, seemed to gather fresh vigor for the critical moment, and plunged madly through the foaming waters. In a few moments, the grateful cry arose upon the air, "*She's clear! she's clear!*"

Our situation was still perilous. We were without anchors, the storm was yet raging, and we were exposed to the rocks and shoals that abound in the vicinity, where, even in pleasant weather, the navigation is hazardous. The clouds had prevented an observation being taken, and our charts were of little use. As night came on, anxiety still abode on every face. We bent over the bows, to see, in season to avoid either peril, the white foam that might mark some dangerous rock, or to hear the waves breaking against some coral reef. For two days the brig was at the mercy of the elements, with disordered rigging and lower masts bare. When the storm was over, we were surprised to find ourselves altogether free from the islands, having drifted two hundred miles.

We immediately bent our course back to Wallis Island, to procure ground-tackling. On arriving, we sent a boat to Maninni's island for anchors, and waited outside the port until they were brought to us. Two American whale-ships were at anchor in the harbor, some of whose officers and crew presently came aboard, and informed us

of what had occurred on Wallis Island, whilst we were away.

The natives had borne with patience the many indignities which were heaped upon them, and were waiting calmly for an occasion of revenge. One day, just before sunset, an American ship approached the harbor, and Maninni, desiring to pilot her to an anchorage, in order to have at hand the utmost available aid, should the natives rise against him, ordered his boat to be brought to the beach. A party of Kanakas had obeyed his command, and were waiting for him to take his seat. Maninni had nearly reached the shore, when an armed native rushed out from his hiding-place, ran up stealthily behind Maninni, and, with one blow of an axe, severed his head from his body. The Kanakas could help neither their master nor themselves, and were soon despatched by other natives. The rest of the Kanakas, who were not of the boat's crew, eluded the fury of the savages, and, as they had opportunity, separated to other islands.

The news of Maninni's assassination flew swiftly over Wallis Island, and elevated the hearts of the people that had been depressed by servitude. It was to them a day of independence. Tradition will preserve among them the story of Maninni's apparent kindness, of his despotic sway, and violent death. Nor will the manly devotion of Ridington be forgotten.

Maninni's corpse was laid out in the building which he had occupied. A coffin was prepared for him by the carpenter of the Glide. The natives bore him to his grave, under a cluster of cocoa-nut trees, and, as they remembered his early benefits and subsequent injuries conferred upon them, they mingled with scorn of the usurper a generous pity for the man.

The intelligence was not wholly unexpected. Maninni

had frequently been reminded of the danger of his overbearing treatment of the natives, and had been urged by Captain Young to leave the island for Oahu in the Harriet, which sailed a few days before the massacre. He was deaf to remonstrance, and suffered the dreadful penalty.

Since the series of events, which closed with Maninni's death, the Wallis Islanders will unquestionably be less trustful of foreigners than before, and would receive with coldness, if at all, those who should seek to introduce Christianity among them. Thus mean ambition often hinders instruction and goodness.

The Chinchilla soon bore away to the Navigator Group, and I bade farewell to Wallis Island, recollecting with joy and sorrow the hospitality and the tragedies of which it had been alternately the scene.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Navigator Islands—The missionary Williams—Loss of an English whale-ship at Fanning's Island—A portion of her cargo secured—The Chinchilla sails for Oahu—Effect of the intelligence of Maninni's massacre—Residence ashore.

The natives of the Samoa or Navigator Islands, where we next arrived, resemble the Wallis Islanders. They visited the brig, and furnished us with fuel, vegetables, and hogs. From hearing the word *palapala*, (gospel,) we judged that missionaries had been here; and afterwards we ascertained that such was the fact.*

* Rev. Mr. Williams, of the London Missionary Society, introduced Christianity into these islands in 1830.

The appearance of some of these islands is pleasing. Upon the sides of gently-sloping hills may be seen rich vegetation and lofty fruit trees; or a lovely plain, glowing beneath the sun, and intersected by silvery brooks, meets the eye; and along the shore winds a sandy beach, with its color and extent giving variety and new beauty to the view of land and sea.

The Navigator Group afford good accommodations for whalers, and hence they are second in importance to none but the Sandwich and Society Islands. Their value has been greatly increased by the introduction of Christianity. Vessels may now come among them without constant fear of annoyance from rude savages. A young man, who had often visited the different islands of the group, and resided upon one of them for several months, informed me that the natives were exceedingly debased and vicious, until the auspicious arrival of the missionary Williams, in the "Messenger of Peace." Angels, if conscious of what passes upon earth and sea, must have seen with unutterable delight this little vessel, under the charge of the heroical and devoted Williams, its builder, commander, and a preacher of the gospel, cutting the calm bay of some of these islands, whilst moving in the air from the mast-head was a little flag, on which was displayed the heavenly signal of a dove holding an olive-branch in her mouth. How different from a ship-of-war entering the port, prepared, not to guide the savages to higher and holier objects, but to spread among them dismay and awful death! The calm influence of persuasion was not lost. The terrific war-whoop, that had almost daily sounded the knell of some hapless victim, was changed for mild and soothing hymns of praise to the Almighty. Instead of recounting, at their public feasts, with wild and stormy glee, the number of noble vessels which they had captured and destroyed, and of brave seamen

whose manly pulses they had stopped before the time, the natives now assembled at the house of worship, and heard, with thoughtful surprise, from the living preacher's lips, strange words of love and peace. Our seamen, if well-disposed, may now feel here as secure as in their native village. Thus missions favor commerce.

The Chinchilla, having remained here several days, sailed. While passing the island of Bóke, we were informed by an English whaler which we met, that a whale-ship, in coming to anchor in a harbor of Fanning's Island, had struck a rock and sunk. Captain Meek sailed for that place, with the hope of recovering a part of her cargo.

On arriving, we found that the ship had sunk in five or six fathoms' water, three miles up the harbor. Her outline only could be discerned. Our Kanakas, a part of those who had been in the employment of Maninni, were good divers. One of them dived down, and, having been under water three minutes, (the time was observed by the second officer,) arose to the surface, holding a quadrant in both hands, as if about to take an observation. He said that he had descended to the cabin, opened a chest, and taken out the instrument. Two more then dived down to remove the "main hatch," but had time to remove only the tarpaulin that covered it. Two others next descended, and their greater success was presently announced by two full oil-casks, bounding completely out of the water. Not long after, twenty hogsheads came tumbling up in rapid succession. They were locked together, and towed to the brig; and all hands hoisted them aboard. Thus, in several days, by diving, were broken out from the wreck three or four hundred barrels and hogsheads of oil. There was no room in the Chinchilla for more.

Before our departure, a small sloop, on board of which

were the first officer and a part of the crew of the foundered whaler, arrived from the Society Islands, whither they had been conveyed by another whale-ship. They returned to secure some property that had been left upon the island. They informed us that the lost ship was of over four hundred tons burthen, and nearly full of oil.

Fanning's Island lies about two degrees north of the equator, is ten or fifteen miles around, and is apparently uninhabited; the only persons that we saw upon the island being ten or twelve Sandwich Islanders, who had come in some vessel, and had built three or four huts near the beach. No other dwellings or canoes were to be seen. The greater part of the island seemed to be scarcely three feet above the level of the sea. The island is remarkable for its groves of cocoa-nut trees, whose immense number is accounted for by the sandy soil, and the uninterrupted growth of the fruit. The harbor, being nearly land-locked, is very smooth, but insecure for large vessels, on account of many rocks, just far enough below the surface to escape unnoticed by those who are unaware of their existence. The water is so clear, that one may see, amongst the coral on the bottom, myriads of fish of many kinds.

After staying here a fortnight, the Chinchilla sailed for the Sandwich Islands. Her progress was very slow, as she was very heavily laden.

April, 1832. In this month, the Chinchilla arrived at Oahu. The natives, on being told of Maninni's massacre, assembled in great numbers at the abode of his afflicted father, who, it was said, was bent upon avenging the violent death of his son, and for several hours expressed their grief by loud and passionate cries. Maninni's clerk, who had left Wallis Island in the Harriet a few days before the murder, appeared like an insane man. It was painful to converse with him; and when endeavors were made to

moderate his grief, his eyes glared wildly, and either with clenched fist, or unsheathed sword brandished as if to ward off the assassin, he shouted aloud, "Maninni! Maninni!" and could not be consoled. One evening, in order to turn his attention from the painful subject that was wearing his mind, I persuaded him to accompany me to a religious service at the house of one of the missionaries. It was of no avail. His mind could be fixed upon nothing but "Maninni! Maninni!"

Captain Meek generously allowed my shipmates and myself, of the Glide, wages since the time of our leaving Wallis Island. The amount, of course, was small, yet enough to afford us much relief. Every apartment of the hotel was occupied, and we were obliged to be content with lodgings in an adjoining barn, where several berths were placed for us. Here, with a board for a table, and a shell for an inkstand, I wrote an account of what I had passed through until my arrival at Oahu.

I was much interrupted in my labor by inquisitive natives, who frequently stood for hours at my elbow, questioning me about my occupation. At first, I replied to their inquiries as well and courteously as possible, but, at length, finding that my inquisitors greatly increased in number, and also admirably illustrated the truth that the more one knows the more one desires to know, I was emboldened to pull the string of the door, whenever I entered the barn. A servant of the hotel, seeing this act often repeated, inquired of the landlord, if I were insane? and was answered, "Yes." This reply, instead of favoring me, as was intended, became noised abroad among the natives, and tenfold increased their curiosity. Almost every hour, by looking through the chinks of the wall, I could observe many eyes fixed upon me in earnest wonder. It is to be hoped that my having the reputation of being

out of my senses while writing the original draft of the larger part of this narrative, may excuse some deficiencies. It is a consolation to feel that many men have been deemed insane for more famous exploits.

CHAPTER XX.

Oahu—Description of Honolulu—The dwellings of the natives—Their occupation—Attend public worship—Remarks upon the Sandwich Island Mission.

Oahu, one of the largest and most fertile of the Sandwich Islands, is forty-six miles long, and twenty-three broad. It is smaller, but has more commerce, than Owyhee, and is the seat of the government.

Honolulu, the capital, is pleasantly situated upon the southern shore of the island, about twenty feet above the level of the ocean, of which it affords a delightful view. It is much visited by foreign vessels, especially by English and American whale-ships. It has wide streets, with fine stores, and residences of English, American, and other foreign residents, a market-house generally well stocked, wharves for the convenience of vessels, school-houses for the education of the young, and houses of religious worship. It is the principal station of the American missionaries of the group, and here reside the chief civil rulers of the islands, and agents of other governments. In a neatly constructed building, in full view of the harbor, and near the market-house, with pleasant grounds enclosed by a high and substantial stone wall, lived the consul for the United States.

The fort, a few rods to the left of the consulate, is large,

well constructed, and is sufficiently strong to defend the city against common attacks. It was commanded by Kaukini, who was generally named, by the foreign residents, John Adams. He was brother of Kaahumanu, one of the wives of Tamehameha I.

The vicinity of Honolulu is very picturesque. About a mile from the city, and nearly parallel with the coast, is a mountainous ridge, which may be seen far at sea. Beneath are low and very fertile plains, through which flow bountiful streams of pure water; the principal thoroughfare almost equally divides the city, and extends two or three miles to a place called Wititi. On each side are residences of foreigners and others. It is for the most part wide and level, and, upon the right, about a third of a mile distant, is the ocean, always a beautiful and frequently a sublime spectacle. This road is a great resort as a promenade.

The dwellings of the lower class of natives, though better constructed than formerly, are still rude, and contrast unfavorably with the neat and airy abodes of the Wallis Islanders. They are seldom more than eight or ten feet square, and six high, and are often built of mud, hardened by the sun. Mats supply the place of chairs and beds. A few gourds for holding provisions, and implements of husbandry and fishing, are no small part of the furniture.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands are less comely in person than the Wallis, Friendly, or Society Islanders. The royal family and chiefs dress like ourselves, but a large part of the common people still wear the *tapa*. In my judgment, the natives showed not great fondness of alcoholic drinks, but they smoke much, using pipes of wood, the bowls being lined with tin or some other metal. From a farinaceous vegetable, called *taro*, is prepared *poi*, a very common article of food, of the consistency of paste. *Taro* is much cultivated near Honolulu, and when boiled or

roasted, is delicious; but, to unaccustomed palates, the *poi* is sour and unpleasant. Tilling and fishing are common occupations. Many natives render good service on board vessels where physical strength may be required. The manufacture of combs, hats, and bonnets employs others. As necessity and skill increase, the natives will gradually become acquainted with the various manual arts.

Kauikeaouli, the king, was about twenty-one years of age, of darker complexion than many of his people, but of an agreeable person and address. He conversed pretty well in English. His administration seemed to be satisfactory, and he was on good terms with the foreign residents.

From the previous sanguinary character of the Sandwich Islanders, one would hardly expect to find in them, generally, a kind spirit towards foreigners and each other. But their disposition has been greatly changed. I have heard them reply to questions about Captain Cook, "We no kill now; we have missionaries; we all the same as Americans;" and so, indeed, they are, in the worship of the same God, in liability to the same death. They are responsible to the same Judge of good and ill, and will mingle with the same dust. May we feel as deeply as they the great truth of human brotherhood.

On the first Sunday after arriving at Honolulu, I attended the mission church. If at Lahaina, before being wrecked, I felt grateful to hear a preacher's voice, how much deeper was my joy, after being cast ashore among cannibals, and after hearing the ravings of the Wallis Island priestess, and the harangues of the eloquent but superstitious Vong Ouvie, in again visiting a people, who, having renounced idolatry, now served the living God. On my entrance, the preacher was at prayer. I understood but little of the language of the supplication, yet I was awed by the earnest

manner of the missionary, and the close attention of the congregation. I felt that the place where I stood was holy ground. Let one's fancy revert to the past. Many of these Hawaiians, obeying their deluded priests, once stained their hands in the blood of their countrymen. Many would have been sacrificed to deities of wood and stone, in accordance with a false religion, that often demanded such cruel rites, had not the gospel in season showed a better way of devotion.

Perhaps on this very spot, where the missionaries laid with hope and praise the corner-stone of this lowly temple, arose the *marae*, with its fearful altar, over which were poured by merciless priests, in idol worship, libations of the blood of first-born infants. Here took place the awful conflicts for supremacy of rival chiefs, whose sons strive together in nobler emulation, for eminence in virtue and knowledge.

Since Christianity has been here introduced, many a native has died blessing, and to bless forever, those who, following their Divine Master's last command, have left their native land to be apostles in these far islands of the sea.

I sympathized with the preacher, in being separated from his friends and native land. And yet, the missionary must generally be a happy man. Amidst all his trials and discouragements, the consciousness of laboring to improve the moral and social condition of his ignorant fellow-men, and to irradiate their dark minds with the light of immortal truth, must keep him from permanent despondency.

Since the small band of men, sincerely devoted to their Christian duty, came hither, without parade of worldly power, but armed with supernal grace, and with mild firmness craved permission, which was, after much deliberation, granted by the civil power, to instruct the people in

the precepts of religion, the natives have been socially and religiously improved beyond the highest hopes; and that these favorable and promising changes have been wrought by the promulgation of the gospel, candor compels one to believe and acknowledge. That the habits of a whole people should be completely altered in a few short years, is not to be expected. Numerous prejudices must be overcome before religion can have its full effect; and, even after every external difficulty is removed, the greatest obstacle yet remains, the reluctance of the human heart to receive spiritual truth. The missionary's policy is constructive; and hence he aims not directly to overturn any social institution, but to promote individual virtue, and thus, eventually, the civil and moral, as well as religious welfare of the people to whom he is sent. The Sandwich Island Mission is a strong practical proof of the truth of the Christian religion; for it has shown how Christianity, by her gentle force, gradually constrains even the savage mind to respect her laws; how peaceful she makes every abode that receives her as a guest from heaven; how she renovates the heart, and excites it with the sublimest motives of duty and exertion; how intellectual and moral darkness flee at her bright approach, like mist before the morning sun; and how, as she graciously reveals to the human soul the hopes of immortality, the natural dread of an unknown future may give place to a serene and holy trust, which even coming death but strengthens and confirms.

The Sandwich Islands may yet become the abode of men enlightened by all that can give influence and rank to nations. Seminaries of learning may yet be established in which native youth may learn to adorn the state and serve the church; and many a one, in turn for the benefit he has himself received, may yet bear the message of

celestial peace to the wild Indian on our Pacific seaboard. Their lofty hills may yet bow, that the steam-car may speed her unbending way. Indeed, why may not these islands become the ocean depot of that majestic conveyance by steam, which has already united on one side the old world and the new, and which, moving onward, and crossing the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, will yet encircle the wide globe with iron bands upon the earth, and the white foaming wake of swift steamers on the sea? Visionary as these thoughts may seem expressed, wilder dreams have become fact. Mental and moral culture, industry and enterprise, social happiness and prosperity always follow in the train of Christian truth. International jealousy and distrust must at length give place to mutual peace and amity, and frequent intercourse of various peoples make all men feel as brothers.

The success of the Sandwich Island mission stands in favorable contrast with the failure of schemes that have often been devised, of reforming society without the aid of Christianity; that would ground a social compact on some other foundation than revealed truth; and that would debase the soul by stifling the sense of responsibility, and the hope of immortal life.

Since the year 1820, who has entered the harbors of the Sandwich Islands without being cheered by feeling that here, at least, his vessel might ride securely at her anchorage? When, after a tedious passage from Manilla, the Glide arrived at Maui, and, subsequently, when the Chinchilla came to anchor at Oahu, we needed not to trice boarding-nettings to the yard-arms, to arm ourselves with pistols and cutlasses, or to be continually on the watch against some secret attack. We thought ourselves as safe as in a port of our country. We went ashore free from anxiety respecting our lives.

It was not so at the Fijii Islands. How many vessels have been there plundered, and their crews massacred, Omniscience alone can tell. In the course of this narrative allusion has been made to several instances. Of the whale-ship Oeno, one man only escaped being slain. Two of our crew were massacred, and the ship was stripped of every valuable. The cargoes of the Niagara and of the Fawn were destroyed. Many of the crew of the Charles Daggett, and two officers of one of the vessels of the Exploring Expedition were murdered by the natives of Malolo. At the Navigator Islands occurred similar disasters until the year 1830.

What makes the difference, and how can the repetition of such slaughter be prevented? If the buildings of the natives are destroyed, they can build better in a week; if they are driven from their villages, they cannot be dislodged from their recesses among the mountains. They cannot be exterminated by the sword. The population is so dense that many persons may be slain, and hardly be missed. The assailants, too, must bear their portion of the loss of life. A naval squadron may avenge particular acts of cruelty, but all the men of war in Christendom cannot change the cruel disposition. The preacher with the word of God will avail more than the warrior "armed to the teeth." The Fijiian may be moved by the same force of persuasion which has caused the fierce Samoan and Hawaiian to relent. Had a tithe of the property that has been rudely plundered by the Fijiians been spent in sending to them missionaries, much waste of treasure and many a heavy sorrow might have been spared. Humanity demands that, for their sake and ours also, the Fijiians should be taught the precepts of religion.

CHAPTER XXI.

An account of Kaahumanu—Her death—The funeral.

June 5th. This day died Kaahumanu, one of the wives of Tamehameha, and, after the death of his son Rihoriho, regent of the islands. She was, at first, much opposed to the introduction of Christianity, and, during the reign of Rihoriho, endeavored to embarrass the plans of the missionaries. To renounce in mature life the religion in which she had been nurtured, and adopt and countenance a new one, doubtless seemed to her a sacrifice that could not be made. She may have deemed the motive of bringing to the Sandwich Islands a new religion, which required homage towards a being whom the worshippers never saw, insufficient to induce a body of men to come away from their native land; and she may, accordingly, have regarded the promulgation of the gospel as the cover of secret designs against the civil power.

The missionaries could hope to disarm her prejudices by patience and constancy alone. Years passed away. Kaahumanu observed with eager eye the apostles of the new faith, and saw that their instruction and example had a good influence upon the people. Perhaps she sometimes joined in disguise the crowd of hearers at some evening service, and was awed and interested, as the preacher unfolded in persuasive words the wonderful facts of Christianity. At length, the faithfulness of the missionaries had its reward. It was a glorious day for their holy cause when Kaahumanu renounced her heathen worship, and, by receiving the sacrament of baptism, was not only herself consecrated to the service of God, but, in the view of

her people, consecrated also the new religion. She supported the missionaries henceforward as heartily as she had opposed them, and died breathing the hopes of the dying Christian.

The interment of the queen took place upon the day of her decease. The mournful exclamation repeated from mouth to mouth "Ua make Kaahumanu," *Kaahumanu is dead*, had touched the hearts of all in Honolulu. Minute guns were discharged from the fort, and from vessels at anchor in the bay. On every flag-staff the colors were at half-mast. All the natives expressed by some symbol of mourning their respect and affection for their deceased queen.

By twelve o'clock, nine or ten thousand people had collected to pay the rites of burial. The funeral procession moved with measured steps and with muffled drums from the late residence of Kaahumanu to the chapel. Several hundred native soldiers, dressed in becoming uniform, were present, and divided to the right and left, while, through the midst the coffin was borne by six pall-bearers, and was followed by near relatives, the missionaries, the English and American consuls, and a large portion of the natives and resident foreigners.

Though I had never seen Kaahumanu, I was deeply affected by observing in the chapel the coffin covered with crimson velvet and the pall, the badges of mourning, many of which were of the simplest sort, but showed as deep sorrow as the most costly trappings of woe. The discourse was preached by the Rev. Mr. Bingham, who, having been the religious counsellor of the late queen, was peculiarly qualified faithfully and feelingly to portray her character. Tears coursed down his face as he described Kaahumanu's renunciation of idolatry, her interest in the progress of knowledge and piety, her last illness and

death. The whole assembly also wept, for Kaahumanu was respected and beloved by all.

The services being concluded, the procession moved from the chapel to the place where lie buried the deceased sovereigns, and where, also, were laid the remains of this island queen, to await the bright dawn of an endless day.

CHAPTER XXII.

Interview with the Consul—Arrival of the Frigate Potomac—Entertainment on board—The action at Quallah Battoo—Sailing of the Potomac—Sunday service—Corporal punishment.

July 1st. This day my exigency compelled me to apply to the American consul for relief. He courteously listened to my statement, but I came away from his office resolved not to apply to him again. Thus was an American seaman, at the consulate of the United States for the Sandwich Islands, asking in vain for that aid which the cannibals of the Fijiis had not denied him. I profess not to know the full powers granted to our consuls abroad, but I have yet to learn that they are "not authorized" to help American seamen in distress.

In the deputy-consul, Mr. Reynolds, I found a faithful friend, who supplied me from his store with many goods for which there seemed no way of remuneration. Thus I kept myself from absolute want for several weeks.

On the twenty-third day of the month, the frigate Potomac, commanded by Commodore Downes, arrived at Honolulu from Quallah Battoo, whither she had been sent by our government, to *negotiate* with the natives respecting the seizure of the ship Friendship, of Salem, and the

massacre of a part of her crew. On the next day I called at the residence of the consul, to consult Commodore Downes about embarking in the frigate. The presence of an American man-of-war in the harbor, and of an American naval commander in his house, produced a wonderful change in the consul, and he gave a fair statement of my situation to the commodore, who said that I could sail in the frigate, and also advanced to me money enough to pay all the charges against me at Honolulu. Every day brought ashore large parties of the frigate's men, who exulted like children in being for a while free from the strictness of naval discipline. All was stir and animation throughout the port. Horses and carriages were in great demand.

With the master's mate, Mr. B., I took an excursion to Wititi on horseback. We had gone leisurely along a short way, when we heard the sound of approaching hoofs, and, on looking behind, beheld a native urging his horse furiously, evidently bent upon passing us. Unwilling to be outdone in equestrian skill by a Kanaka, we heartily plied the lash, and seemed to fly rather than ride. We dared not watch the progress of our rival, lest we should lose our balance. Our horses, full of spirit, and as if conscious of our intention, bent back their ears, projected their heads, and ran with utmost speed. All our exertion was of no avail. We were beaten in the race by a Kanaka, who we hardly thought could mount a horse.

Several days after the arrival of the Potomac, an entertainment was given on board by the commodore to Kauikeaouli and others of the royal family, to the English and American consuls, to the missionaries, and to many of the foreign residents. At an early hour after noon, the guests came off to the frigate in her boats. The large dimensions and beautiful appearance of the Potomac, the size and symmetry of her spars, her broad, white decks, her officers

in full naval costume, her marine corps in neat uniform, and her tars dressed with characteristic taste, the order preserved on board, excited the admiration of every beholder.

The king, Kauikeaouli, attired in the same elegant apparel, I believe, which was presented to him by Lord Byron of the Blonde frigate, attended by his royal suite, was courteously welcomed on board by the commodore and his officers, amidst the roar of cannon and the rich music of the band. The guests, who, with the men of the frigate, were upward of six hundred persons, had all arrived by two o'clock, and being scattered about upon deck in groups, presented an interesting and pleasant scene. The consuls wore the uniform of post-captains in their respective navies. At three o'clock the company repaired to the tables. As I was not an invited guest, and went soon after ashore, I cannot speak of this part of the entertainment from personal observation. I was informed that it was delightful; the tables were loaded with delicacies; the health of the king and of the other distinguished persons present was drunk, and the music of the band and pleasant conversation enlivened the party. All seemed to enjoy the peculiar and beautiful occasion.

The action at Quallah Battoo was a frequent subject of conversation at Honolulu; and many interesting incidents connected with it were related. One man, while scaling the outer wall of one of the forts, received a musket-ball through his *hat*, a sabre stroke upon his head, and another upon his right hand. Another received a musket-ball, which passed through his breast and came out upon his back. Trophies of the victory were hung in every part of the ship, and the praises of the gallant commodore were on every lip.

One evening, for the sake of amusement, a theatrical show was given by some of the tars, in a building belong-

ing to the king, who, with the commodore, and many persons of distinction, beside very many others, among whom was the humble narrator, honored the exhibition with their attentive presence. A stage, with curtains and scenic apparatus was ingeniously arranged, and the play was performed in excellent style. The king and his subjects seemed to be highly delighted with the expressive gestures and spirited address of the actors, though they could not have comprehended much that was said.

On the 15th of August, the Potomac sailed. The king and others came off to take leave of the commodore. As soon as the order, "All hands unmoor," was given, five hundred men were in motion. The anchor came home to the tap of the drum, and the measured tread around the capstan; and the sails were loosed and sheeted home with less noise and sooner than in a merchant-vessel. These movements on board a man-of-war I had never seen; and being associated with my departure from the Pacific, they excited in me the highest delight. I stood upon the taff-rail, holding in my hands the halyards of my country's flag, which, at a given signal, I was to haul down. The visiters left; parting salutes were exchanged between the frigate and the shore, and the stately Potomac, with every sail set from deck to truck, glided southward; and, before night, the hills of Oahu were no longer visible.

I had, the next day, an interview with the commander and purser, and was appointed to the post of purser's steward. My duty was to superintend the distribution of *rations* to the men. This little office was very acceptable to me, as my health was feeble, and forbade violent exertion; I could also occupy myself and procure some emolument. I was obliged to give a written account of my service to the purser's clerk, who had charge of the ship's books.

The distribution of liquor to the men was systematically performed. A large tub, holding thirty or forty gallons, was brought to the cockpit, and there filled with rum and water, in sufficient proportion to allow each man half a pint of the liquid. The tub was brought up on deck, and, at an appointed signal, up tumbled the men from all parts of the ship for their allowance of *grog*. A rope was placed across the deck, under which no one could pass without being called by name. A midshipman was present, to observe all that was done. The steward stood behind the tub, and read over the names of the men, each of whom, on hearing his name, passed under the rope, took his half-pint measure full from the hands of a quartermaster, swallowed the liquor, and retired in an opposite direction. A sharp watch was kept that no one got a double share. If any liquor remained, it was thrown away. The whole time thus occupied was fifteen or twenty minutes. It may be questioned whether something could not be found better and more wholesome for the men than *grog*.

The regularity of every movement on board a man-of-war is wonderful. Of all the Potomac's men, each seemed to have and to perform his peculiar duty, without interfering with another, and thus deranging the general order. The necessity of prompt and harmonious action occasions the strictness of naval discipline.

After knowing but little difference between the days of the week on board a merchant-vessel, it is an agreeable change to find one's self in a ship where the Lord's day is suitably observed. Every Sunday, on board the Potomac, was conducted the impressive service of the Episcopal Church. At ten o'clock all hands were summoned to the quarter-deck, and the roll was called by the purser's clerk. The capstan, covered with the American flag, served for

the pulpit, directly in front of which were the chief officers; on the left were the marines and the band; on the right were the subordinate officers; and arranged in the starboard and larboard waists were the seamen, whose neatness of appearance and decorum added much to the interest and beauty of the scene. As the priest bowed in prayer, all arose, and with heads reverently uncovered, joined in the spiritual sacrifice to the Most High. The discourses of the preacher were admirably adapted to his audience, and the hymns were sung with strength and spirit by a hundred voices in concert. If religious worship, upon shore, lifts the soul above a distracted world, how much higher must one's thoughts arise, to hear, upon the wide waste of waters, the prayer for mercy, and the song of adoration ascending to the Almighty in the clear morning air! On land a thousand objects of man's device obstruct the upward flight of the soul; but, on the ocean, one sees more of God's works, and less of man's, and feels as if nearer the Infinite Presence.

However vicious the sailor may be, he is seldom so hardened by peril and sin as not to be awed by religious services. He may, indeed, join in the rude laugh and the cold sneer, whilst he is away from the place of worship, but, when he comes thither, a shade of solemnity will be seen stealing over the features, which, a short time before, expressed the wildest merriment at the low jest or the ribald story. The sailor, used to hard and constant toil, and to act with energy in sudden emergencies, has no time to form a habit of hypocrisy; and anger or joy, or hope or fear, if felt in his heart, will be seen in his face, as readily as a musical instrument will obey the hand that sweeps its strings. The landsman, who too often expresses emotion by rule, may be displeased with the openness of the sailor, who may yet far exceed him in true feeling and magnanimity.

Having witnessed, I cannot but regret, the infliction of corporal punishment upon delinquents in the naval service. If our legislators could be summoned upon the deck of a man-of-war by the stern cry of the boatswain's mate, "All hands, witness punishment," and see a man brought to the gangway, his hands fastened to the bulwarks, and all the energies of the mate exhausted in lacerating the sufferer's bare back with the instrument of torture, they would, I feel persuaded, contrive some penalty more suitable to a man than that which

> "Mercy with a bleeding heart
> Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast."

There must be modes of exciting a healthful feeling of shame for wrong doing, without inducing that sluggish despair that often results from the infliction of corporal punishment, which seems, indeed, more like arbitrary retaliation than a corrective penalty. Let not that morbid benevolence be encouraged which sees a *hero* in a criminal, and venial indiscretion in manifest vice; and, on the other hand, let an appeal be made to the self-respect of the offender, and let him not be regarded as an abandoned wretch, of whom there is no hope.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Death of two men—Otaheite—Juan Fernandez—Valparaiso—Catholic procession—Embark for Buenos Ayres—Awkward position of the crew—Albatrosses—Arrive at Buenos Ayres.

All hands were twice called, during our passage to the Society Islands, to bury the dead. One of the deceased was a young man, who had been ill for many months, and at length died, of consumption. He was extremely emaciated. Near his pillow lay a small pocket Bible; and as he swung in his lowly hammock upon the gun-deck, he once, with feeble, faltering voice, desired me to read to him from it a passage of his selection. No one would refuse such an affecting request. He listened with the intense interest of a dying man. All on board seemed to be touched by his condition. The rough tars, as they drew near his couch of suffering, hushed their merriment, and walked softly by. One who had often watched by him, and who was present when he expired, said that he died as one would fall asleep. The other was the commodore's steward. I had become acquainted with him at Oahu, and was pleased with his intelligence and address. For several days I had missed his manly step and courteous greeting, and, on inquiry, was surprised to hear that he was dead. "He is just gone," said my informant, "and a soberer man was not aboard the ship."

How different it is to die amidst the rolling of a vessel, the cry for "mercy" at the gangway, and the constant stir of a man-of-war, from breathing out life in the still chamber, surrounded by relatives and friends, where kneeling faith commits the departing soul to supreme and infi-

nite mercy. How different it is to be followed to the grave by one's kindred, and there gently deposited with many tears, from being swept into the dark billows by the hands of strangers, who may feel no peculiar grief, but the solemnity only that is common in death and burial at sea. How different it is to feel that the remains of one beloved repose in the vast ocean, where the eager eye of affection cannot discern their resting-place below the ever-changing waves, from being assured that we can withdraw from the busy world, to visit the grave of one with whom we held sweet converse in life, there to bring his form more clearly before the mental vision, and to pour forth those tears that seem to deepen, while they moderate, our grief. With what anguish must many hearts be wrung, when the hope of reünion, that has supported the mind through many a weary day, seems just ready to be fulfilled, as the long-expected vessel, in which a loved one has embarked returns to port, but the intelligence goes forth that the object of esteem and affection has been left behind in the deep!

On the fourteenth of September, the Potomac arrived at Otaheite, one of the Society Islands. It is a noble island. On the next Sunday I went ashore, but could not stay long enough to attend the missionary service. Yet, as I stood upon the beach, and, amidst the beautiful scenery, saw the natives coming forth from their rude but peaceful abodes, and winding along, with steady deportment and cheerful faces, the paths of the village, to the house of worship, I was pleased with this delightful evidence of the renunciation of ancient idolatry for a purer and nobler faith. We were visited by several of the missionaries. Parties of the natives also came on board, and showed great surprise at seeing so large a vessel. Their personal appearance is superior, but their character is at present inferior, to that of the Hawaiians. A few were dressed in

European style, but the greater part had not yet doffed the *tapa*.

On the twenty-first of September, the Potomac, having procured a plenty of fresh provisions, bore away for Valparaiso. Prosperous gales swept us along with speed, and the ship sometimes sailed ten or eleven knots the hour.

On the twenty-second day of October, we passed near enough to the island of Juan Fernandez to form a general idea of its outline. Its rough aspect gave it but little claim to beauty, yet, being connected with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, it delighted my fancy. I longed to wander over it, and recall the adventures of the solitary Selkirk. I was, for a while, almost insensible to the cheering anticipation of being very sood in sight of the American coast.

By noon of the next day we anchored in the harbor of Valparaiso. There were present the American whaleships, the William Tell and Frances Henrietta, the French barque Philanthrope, Captain Goubie, and a French frigate. A few days afterwards the English frigate Dublin, commanded by Lord James Townsend, arrived. These vessels, with our fine large ship, looked beautifully in the bay. The red cross, the tri-colored flag, and the stars and stripes were a pleasing sight, waving at the mizzen-peak of their respective vessels, whose elegant barges passed to and from the landing-place, while full bands occasionally enlivened the scene with rich music.

Valparaiso, the chief seaport of Chili, lies at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills, and before a beautiful semi-circular bay, and has one of the best harbors on the coast. A large and substantial fort defends the entrance. The crosses indicate the Catholic sway. There are but few Protestants. Some of the churches are of fine architecture, and are adorned with many rich paintings.

I went ashore to reside, that I might hear of opportunities of returning directly home sooner than by remaining in the frigate.

One pleasant morning I sallied forth from my lodgings to see the place and the people. Everybody seemed to have a buoyant step and cheerful face. I had walked but a few rods, when a Catholic procession approached. It was flanked by several soldiers, and at the head was a priest, who chanted portions of the service from the book open before him. A few little boys were industriously employed in jingling small bells, while the large ones of the churches were also ringing. As the procession passed, people in the houses looked out of the windows, and the persons in the street kneeled and crossed themselves with great devotion. I began to think myself in an awkward position, and knowing that all would observe me if I should not kneel with the rest, I quietly took refuge in the shop of a confectioner, who was on his knees when I entered. He crossed himself, and repeated some Latin with great earnestness and volubility. The procession having passed by, the confectioner arose from his devotions, and angrily upbraided me in his mother tongue, for not having crossed myself and joined in his Latin prayers. Finding that he was becoming uncomfortably zealous in his zeal for the church, I inquired the price of some of his sweetmeats; and before he had time to answer, I walked out of his shop, and went on my way.

Hearing that the William Tell was about to sail for the United States, I applied for a passage to her captain, who was unable himself to accommodate me, but obtained for me a berth on board the Frances Henrietta, and desired me to go immediately aboard. I was anxious to have all matters settled ashore, and waited till the next day; when, as I was busy packing my baggage, I saw the Frances

Henrietta, with all sail set, standing out from the harbor. I conveyed my goods to the quay as soon as possible, and hired two hardy fellows to row me to the vessel. But she was too far off to be reached by the most strenuous exertion. The William Tell was getting under way, and I went alongside, and was just springing upon the quarter-deck, when the captain came forward and ordered me back into the boat. I could not blame him, as he had shown himself my friend by procuring for me a passage in the other vessel, and had I gone at once aboard, the hinderance would not have taken place. I went back to the shore with a heavy heart. Events afterwards seemed to show that my detention was providential.

While I was sitting at dinner one day, the landlord hastily entered and informed me that the Philanthrope was about to sail for Buenos Ayres. I went immediately to the shipping-office, and was just in season to put my name, the last, upon the paper to do seaman's duty. A man soon entered, whom I recognized as a townsman. I was intensely glad to see him, but more to hear that he was going in the Philanthrope as supercargo.

On the ninth of November, I bade farewell to my friends of the Potomac. They had been very kind to me. I owed especial thanks to Mr. L——, a midshipman. On board the barque were five Frenchmen, four Chilians, two Americans, one Englishman, one Italian, one Spaniard, and one Portuguee. We were placed in many ludicrous positions by the confusion of tongues, with which we undertook to double Cape Horn. An order was given to pull one rope, and we pulled another; to haul this way, and we hauled that; to lay aft, and some unlucky tar would lay forward; to double-reef the topsails, and we were hazed for single-reefing them. Everything seemed to be wrong. The Portuguee and Italian raved as though they

could not contain themselves; the Chilians and Spaniards swore most lustily; the Frenchmen danced about as if out of their senses; the Englishmen blustered, and looked very grave and solemn; and the Yankees maintained perfect presence of mind, and *guessed* matters would be right in the end.

Shortly after doubling the Cape, a vessel came in sight, and the order was passed to clear away the signal-halyards, which had become foul in the main truck. The hoisting of the flag was about to be given up in despair, when the mate, full of passion, seized hold of the standing part of the halyards, and cried out at the top of his voice, "Savez-vous?" I answered, "Oui, MOSCAR," (not having yet learned the correct pronunciation,) and mounted the rigging. Half a gale was blowing, and a short head-sea made the vessel pitch exceedingly. I mounted to the truck, and, grasping the little stick with both hands, I went up, disentangled the knot with my teeth, and then safely descended. The captain invited me into his cabin to take a glass of Malaga. He was, doubtless, overjoyed to find a man aboard who could, at least, guess what ought to be done.

Near the Falkland Islands, we caught, with a baited hook, some fine albatrosses. One of them weighed over twelve pounds, and measured five feet between the extremities of the wings. The albatross is perfectly white. It cannot rise from the deck of a vessel, and ascends obliquely from the top of the waves, and skims gracefully along the surface. Stormy petrels flew by, dipping their wings in the rough sea, and gamboling about in conscious security.

On the 20th of December, the Philanthrope arrived at Buenos Ayres; and I stepped ashore at this strange city, myself a stranger, ignorant of the language, alone of the Glide's men, and almost without money.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Buenos Ayres—Rio de la Plata—The market—The fort—The promenade—Carnival—Good Friday—Easter—My illness.

Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic, lies on the western bank of the Rio de la Plata, a hundred and eighty miles from the ocean. Spaniards, French, English, and Americans, compose half the population, which is about seventy thousand. The streets are wide, have commodious walks, are cleanly, and, generally, intersect each other at right angles. Most of the dwellings are but one story high. The churches of San Francisco and of San Domingo are very large and venerable, but the cathedral is the most magnificent.

The river at the city is thirty miles wide. The navigation below is dangerous for large ships, on account of the shallow water. The Philanthrope, of two hundred tons only, grounded within fifty miles of the city, and was not disengaged until after half an hour's tedious labor. Vessels that draw ten or twelve feet, cannot approach nearer than five or six miles to the city; so that their lading and unlading are inconvenient and expensive. There are no wharves. A cargo is discharged by lighters, that transport goods to the distance of a few rods from the shore; smaller boats convey them still nearer; and thence they are carried in carts to the store-house.

The water of the river is fresh, and is used in cooking. It is retailed by the bucket throughout the city by men and boys.

The market is held in the Plaza de Victoria, a public square of several acres. The provisions are sold from

booths. The cauliflower here grows to a very large size, and is abundant. Oranges are cheaper than apples. Beef is plentiful, and is the chief article of food among those who can afford to pay the small sum for which it is sold.

The fort is well adapted for the defence of the city, being firmly built on an elevated place, to the left of the usual landing-place. The shallowness itself of the inner harbor is protection enough against men-of-war; and an enemy could not in boats face the destructive fire from the fort. Near the barracks, and partially defended by the same high and massive walls with which they are surrounded, is the residence of the President of the Republic.

The street directly facing the harbor is the most fashionable resort. On both sides of it, for nearly half a mile, are lofty trees, that cast a refreshing shade, and add much beauty. Beneath them are seats for the relief of tired walkers. Representatives from almost every nation on earth may here be seen, a medley of colors and national marks.

The large number of soldiers, ungracefully, rustily dressed, impresses a stranger unfavorably. The most effective militia, as far as I could judge, was composed of negroes. The government is very unsettled.

Assassinations were so common during the controversy of the English and Argentine governments respecting the Falkland Islands, that it was deemed very imprudent for an Englishman or an American (the common people do not distinguish between them) to go abroad in the evening after nine o'clock. Almost daily occurred a murder or gross assault.

The carnival occurred during my residence in the city. Men and boys, dressed in masquerade, paraded the streets on foot, and on horseback. Some walked aloft on stilts, followed by crowds of shouting urchins; others had po-

guns, two or three feet long, with which they discharged sweet-scented water through every key-hole and open window. Others had eggs full of perfume, which they threw into the faces of persons whom they met. Supposing that the carnival would not interfere with my usual custom, I sauntered forth one morning after breakfast from my lodging, and had walked but a few steps, when a window was thrown up, and I was drenched with water. In my ignorance and indignation, I entered the house, and demanded an explanation of the torrent. The landlady seemed most heartily to commiserate my situation, and very seriously told me, that I must not be offended by a practical joke in the time of carnival. In turn I explained myself, bowed as politely as I could, and, resolving to be more cautious, left the threshold, and had just stepped upon the pavement, when a second bucket-full of water, from the same window, again drenched me. This additional explanation was perfectly satisfactory, and, having now learned discretion I turned into the middle of the street, and looking eagerly to the right and left, amidst the discharge of pop-guns, the breaking of eggs, and various missiles, too many for mention, finished my walk without further injury, returned to my apartment, fastened myself in, changed my dress, and wrote a short account about carnival.

On the Thursday before Good Friday I visited the principal churches, in company with a fellow-boarder. Thousands of candles, richly illuminated their high altars and chapels; and priests, alternately bowing and kneeling, were celebrating the mysteries of the Catholic service. In various streets were erected temporary pulpits, from which were pronounced discourses to great crowds of people. The yards of the national vessels in port were crossed. The ladies, generally, were dressed in mourning.

On Good Friday the places of business were generally

closed, and the churches were filled with devotional assemblies. Order and sobriety pervaded the city. In the evening I visited the college church, which appeared to be the great object of attraction. The beautiful vesper-service was repeated. A few candles only were left burning upon the altar, and every appearance conspired to increase the feeling of solemnity. Afterwards, the finest regiments in the city marched, in superb costume, through the principal streets with muffled drums. On each side were companies of grenadiers, with fixed bayonets. Long, lighted torches were carried before a resplendent globular transparency.

At noon, on Saturday, the solemn stillness that had prevailed for several days was broken by the joyous ringing of the bells of the cathedral and of the other churches; trumpets and bugles sounded; cannon were discharged; the shops were reöpened; the crossed yards of the vessels were again squared, and colors were hoisted to the masthead.

On the evening of Easter-day was hung Judas Iscariot in effigy. Thousands were present at the spectacle. Ropes running from house to house across the street, suspended the figure of the traitor, which was full six feet tall, was dressed in the national costume, and held in the left hand a bag. At eight o'clock precisely, a match was applied to the foot of Judas, and a great number of fire-works, ingeniously concealed in the figure, suddenly burst forth in all directions, to the infinite delight of many in the crowd, to the annoyance of others, who were hit by the fire, and to the complete destruction of Judas himself.

I went daily to the river-side, and strained my eyes to discern in the outer harbor some American vessel. On that delightful promenade, where the fashionable and the gay were enjoying, with light, untroubled hearts, all th-

could please the sight, I stood many a time reflecting on the many delays that had intercepted my homeward progress, recognized in the giddy crowd that passed me no friendly face, thought that, perhaps, I should never again behold my kindred, or, that I might reach home and learn that the dearest of them had gone away forever from my view. I felt how hard and sad it is to be a stranger in a strange land. If one would know what home-sickness is, let him be absent for years from all the associations of his earlier days, endure much various suffering by land and sea, and let the hope of return often excite the mind, and be again and again unexpectedly deferred; and the hard lesson will surely teach him.

I was soon confined to my lodgings by a severe fever, which, at one time, gave little hope of my recovery. During my illness, a vessel arrived, bound for my native port. Captain G—— and another man came into my room, and I recognized them both as fellow-townsmen, and one as a school-mate. They were very kind to me, and the captain would with pleasure have taken me on board his vessel, had I not been too ill to undertake the voyage. I found myself surrounded by friends. My fellow-boarders visited me, and treated me with great generosity. The Rev. Mr. T——, a Protestant clergyman, Drs. M—— and W——, and the supercargo of the Philanthrope, used especial efforts in my behalf. The consignee of the Lucy Ann, of Boston, offered me a passage in that ship, should I be well enough at the time of her sailing. Capt. V—— called one day, and told me that the next day the vessel would probably sail, if the wind were fair. My fever had turned favorably, but I was yet very weak; and, when he came for me, the physician urged his remaining another day. The captain consented. A greater act of kindness in my case can hardly be conceived. The next day,

although I was extremely feeble, I felt the need of exertion. I arose from my bed, and prepared for the voyage. After presenting my warmest thanks, and bidding adieu to my host and hostess, and to my other benefactors, I was conducted to the landing-place, stepped into the boat, and was conveyed to the ship.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Lucy Ann sails—Passed the Guard-Ship—Unpleasant situation—Cross the Equator—Amusement—Land seen—Conclusion.

My spirits were much enlivened, notwithstanding my emaciation and feebleness, when I found myself, at length, homeward bound. As we passed the guard-ship in the outer roads, we were, as usual, visited by an officer, who inspects the clearances of vessels, and the passports of passengers. I had, the day before, hired a person to procure my passport, and, when called upon, offered it for inspection with perfect ease of mind. The officer cast his eye over the paper, then turned to me, and with a tone of authority, ordered me to get into the boat. The person whom I had employed had obtained all the requisite signatures, except that of the captain of the port. I was weak, and unable to stand without my cane, and the stern command staggered me. "Come, sir, you must go in the boat," repeated the officer, with great determination. He was deaf to my remonstrances, and I was just about to yield to his order, when the officers and Mr. W——, my fellow-passenger, by their earnest appeals and representations persuaded the officer to let me off. He then approached me, expressed his regret at having insisted upon

my going ashore, and called for two glasses of wine. Interlocking arms, we drank each other's health, and he left the ship. All on board seemed to be glad at the happy result of the difficulty. The Lucy Ann glided majestically down the La Plata.

Mr. R——, the first officer of the Lucy Ann, invited me, when I reached the ship, to share his state-room, and supplied me with many articles of dress. I was for several days confined to my apartment, and he waited on me with great assiduity, and endeavored to make me as comfortable as possible. The hours that I passed with him in the state-room, the cabin, and the watch on deck, were very pleasant. He became much interested in the Fijiis, and after the arrival of the ship, he accepted the command of a vessel that was to sail to those islands, and offered me any rank under him which I would take. But I had sufficiently tried my fortune in the Pacific, though I know of no one with whom I should expect more pleasure in a voyage. Mr. W——, my fellow-passenger, was a merchant of New York, and a kind-hearted man. He had supplied himself with many delicacies, and liberally presented me with a share. I spent many happy hours in his company.

The Lucy Ann was a large and beautiful ship, nearly new. Her cabin was very tastefully finished. Few ships were better provided with accommodations. Her captain and officers were enterprising young men, skilful in their profession; and the crew were able-bodied and well-disposed. The monotony of life on shipboard was relieved by conversation and reading. Our time passed very agreeably. The capture of an internal enemy caused much diversion. The matter is of consequence enough for a separate paragraph.

An enormous rat had for several weeks disturbed the

slumbers of passengers, officers and crew; and these three powers entered into an alliance for his destruction. "How comes on the rat?" "Is he caught?" "Try him with cheese," and various other remarks expressed the general anxiety respecting the foe. One morning, while we were seated at breakfast, the rat entered the cabin, as if to procure something to eat; but, seeing us, he retired with haste to an adjoining state-room. "The rat! the rat!" was now the cry. Every one flew to arms. The furniture of the cabin was set aside, and every avenue of escape was closed. One bold spirit repaired to his retreat to drive him from it, whilst the rest awaited his appearance. He at length showed himself, and was overcome with clubs and barrel-staves as easily as was Napoleon Bonaparte by the Iron Duke and his valiant band, on the field of Waterloo, with all the engines of war. The conquest was even more decisive, for the rat was killed. The ship, like Europe, was once more at peace. According to the decision of the alliance, the rat was thrown overboard, the victim of lawless ambition, a prey to the finny race.

In the first part of June we crossed the Equator. Since leaving home, I had crossed it five times before. The pointers indicated the approach of the north star, which soon emerged above the horizon. On board the Glide, and one of a happy crew, I watched its setting four years before, and now it shone out as brightly as though it saluted the eyes of the same cheerful company in the same fair vessel. How many scenes of suffering and danger had occurred in the interval! The hope of seeing again the unerring beacon of the north, was long deferred to us all; to some it was wholly denied. How constant is nature, amidst all human reverses! The waves in their fury may destroy the beautiful ship, with precious human life, and then flow on as before; and the sky will look down un-

changed. One's companions may die by the rude hands of savages, and nature will show no sign of woe. My lost shipmates were present to my mind, and, although kind friends were about me, and I was within a few weeks' sail of home, I could not but honor their memory with pensive thoughts and many tears.

Just after sunset of the tenth of June, in the latitude of Cuba, a vessel was descried, which had every appearance of a piratical craft. She was standing westward when first seen, but soon after altered her course, and came down towards us with all sail set, and the wind aft. Our ship was moving northward with a breeze from the north-east. It was amusing to notice the effect produced by the notion of encountering a pirate. My fellow-passenger earnestly inquired if there were not a brace of pistols aboard. One seized the cook's pokers, and declared that he would make "stubborn resistance." The old cook himself determined to give the pirates a hot reception with boiling water, with which his coppers were filled. We had so valiantly conquered a domestic enemy that we should not have been intimidated by any external foe. We changed our course a few points to the westward as darkness came on, and saw the strange craft no more.

We gradually approached the American coast. I watched eagerly from the mast-head, hour after hour, for the sight of land, and, on the fourth of July, had the inexpressible joy of announcing "Land ho!" from the fore-top gallant cross-trees. "Where away?" "Three points off the larboard bow." It was Cape Cod. Forty-nine months had passed since I last saw it, and, meanwhile, I had sailed more than as many thousand miles. My health was restored by the voyage; and my heart beat quick, though uncertainty respecting my friends, of whom I had heard but once in the long interval, pressed upon me heavier than ever.

On the next day we took a pilot and anchored in Boston harbor at three o'clock in the afternoon. In another hour I was on shore, and hurried to a stage-office to take passage for Salem. Many a familiar scene came to view during my ride, but nothing more vividly recalled the days of youth, and made me feel so sensibly whither I was going, as the familiar sight of the lofty spire of the South Church, rising above the level town, and visible for many a mile. At length the wheels of the stage rattled over the main street, and in a few moments more I was at my mother's house.